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DRUMMER



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ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

KICKBOXER/DADDIES/CHICAGO/FOOT FRATERNITY/FORESKINS/T.G.I.F./SLAVES

ISSUE 55

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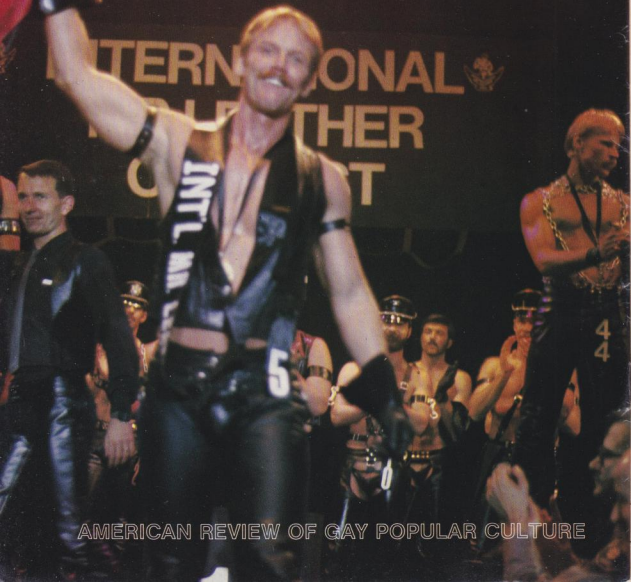
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DRUMMER

AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

A triumphant LUKE DANIEL hits the runway in Chicago, trophy and leather roses secure after his third big win in little more than a month: Mr. Southern California DRUMMER, MR. DRUMMER and now INTERNATIONAL MR. LEATHER. See center section starting page 47.



AMERICAN REVIEW OF GAY POPULAR CULTURE

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau



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Cover photo by Jim Patton

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DRUMMER, DRUMSTICKS, DRUMBEATS, TROUGH CUSTOMERS, TOUGH SHIT, GETTING OFF, LONDON LEATHER, LEATHER NOTEBOOK, DRUM, DRUMMER GUIDE TO GUIDES, DRUMMERART, FOR MEMBERS ONLY, MAN TO MAN, and IN PASSING are copyrighted names of departments appearing in DRUMMER. Copyright 1982 by ALTERNATE PUBLISHING.

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GETTING OFF

This issue celebrates DRUMMER's seventh year in its present form as a leather magazine. It started out as a TV Guide-sized entertainment publication, then a gay lib newspaper and, after a hiatus, became the official organ of the Leather Fraternity in June 1975. Like some other successful publications that are still around, DRUMMER was one that came along at the right time, fulfilling a definite need and has never been a copy of anything else. DRUMMER is one of the three or four oldest national gay publications.

It is flattering that DRUMMER has had so many imitators, that its style and content have influenced many other publications. Even more of an accomplishment is the long list of artists, writers and photographers that DRUMMER has had the pleasure of discovering and publishing. Many of them have been very loyal and have brightened our pages for years. DRUMMER has always told it like it is and has never been ashamed of its frank sexuality.

To remain competitive, we have offered other publications which DRUMMER usually supported. And there are many causes in our community which we have supported and continue to support. DRUMMER is one of the few national gay magazines which is actually gay-owned. We are part of the community that we serve.

As we begin our eighth year, DRUMMER has never offered more, looked better or been more of a bargain. There are rows of books in adult book stores with \$6 to \$12 cover prices that haven't a fraction of what each 3.95 issue of DRUMMER has to offer. And this magazine you are holding in your hand right now can't be completely devoured in a few minutes at the newsstand. It was never intended to be a picture book of recycled stills from major physique studies.

We are proud of this issue and the issues that are past, still selling for their cover price or more. There is no such thing as an old issue of DRUMMER. We hope we can always say that and to keep it fresh and new and innovative.

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MALECALL/Dear Sir:

CANADIAN S/M

First, I must congratulate you for your page in the last issue of *Drummer* (45). For the first time, I find someone who can solve concrete problems with humor and good understanding of the S/M relation.

All literature about S/M interests me. And I saw that you wrote a pamphlet about "The Care and The Training of the Male Slave." Can you send me a copy C.O.D. or send me a list of publications available and I will order what I like.

S/M is not as popular in Montreal as in San Francisco. That's why all that can help our imagination to these poor slaves might be beneficial for our reputation. For a few months, I have been dreaming of a private magazine giving real experiences related by slaves as well as masters. I think it would help people outside areas with a large S/M concentration.

I have been in the leather crowd for several years, having started the first leather bar in Montreal in 1970. But, at the beginning of my forties, I think I have discovered a new style and am more satisfied with the guys I meet. I never accept anything but S/M and for the last year have had some very good disciples. But I personally think I still have a lot to learn. (Don't say that to my slaves; they think I am the top. But I want to become the top of the masters!) So I hope you will keep up your good work at *Drummer* and help us to keep them well-trained.

I saw in the same issue (page 6) that an organization wants to recreate a journey on a slave ship in 1984. As an historian, I am particularly interested in this project. If you learn that they need an officer on this ship, please call me!

Finally, when you talk with the editors of *Drummer*, suggest to them an issue about rubber men, firemen, sewer-men... I would specially like the works of Bill Ward on this subject. I hope he will not cut the rubber boots.

Thank you for spending a few minutes with me and keep up the good work.

P.C.
Montreal, CANADA

FOLSOM

Whatever happened to *Folsom* magazine?

My records show I sent a check on November 2 for \$20.00 for, I think, a 3-issue subscription and a free classified ad.

I received one issue of the magazine, and that is the last I have heard of it.

Since someone borrowed, and never returned, the one issue I received, I do not have the proper address for the magazine but, as I recall, it was one of your publications...right?

If I am wrong, I would really appreciate your letting me know, and giving me the proper address for *Folsom*, if you would, so that I might write them directly about this matter.

Anything you can do to be of assistance with this matter will be appreciated.

And, keep up the good work on *Drummer* as well, which I enjoy thoroughly each issue.

B.L.
Dallas, TX

Folsom Magazine, whose last issue was released in mid-December '81 has yet to put out another to date. When former employees lifted our mailing lists for them, we were pissed, and even moreso when *Folsom* began selling the lists. They have been sending heavy mailings soliciting subscriptions and attempting to sell merchandise by mail to our subscribers and members. Whether or not they intend to or will be able to fulfill these obligations is anybody's guess. To date they have been unable to free their printing from creditors, we understand.

EAGLE CREEK S/M RANCH

I invite you and all other Masters and slaves to a weekend Gay potluck outing at my ranch east of San Diego. It is called Eagle Creek Ranch. The CCMC Motorcycle Club meets here once a year. Come down and enjoy the festivities, play by my lake, and explore my two caves where you and your friends can make all your fantasies come true. Last year we had 600 Gays from all over the world here. There will be plenty of food and drinks, with live music, dancing, swimming, rope tree swinging, hiking trails, training rooms, etc. Sit around our camp fires and don't forget to bring your camping gear.

We are starting the very first S&M resort in San Diego County where all your fantasies can come true. On Sundays we will have a slave auction for whoever desires to enter. Entry fee is \$5.00 per head for 2 days and 2 nights. Bring along your own food for the pot luck. We will furnish the drinks and entertainment. And, if you want to become members of our club permanently, it only costs whatever you are willing to give in order to become a member. Such as everything you own. We'll take care of you from that point on and do all your thinking and make all your decisions for you. As a good slave wants to be. For any Master who wants to join, it costs nothing, only that you devote all your time to our cause for constant pleasure. If you are man enough to live your life out this way and are serious enough to relocate here at once.

Eagle Creek Ranch
Desconso, CA

DRUMMER ISSUE FOUR

I am writing as I have been intending to do for a long time to beg to learn how I may get at least the cover of your *Drummer* issue 4. In many of my previous issues, it's shown along with all the other (back) issues. The guy has a drum on, namely a leather-jacketed biker holding an engineer's black leather boot up to his mouth (wow!).

Let me know how I can obtain a copy of this cover, if not the issue itself. Please???

Congratulations always on the great *Drummer* attitude, handsome rugged believable masculine leather guys who deserve the joy they must find in being admired and appreciated for their booted and manly life style.

H.M.
East Hadden, CN

DRUMMER AUTHORITY

This letter is not intended for publication, but feel free if you consider it to be remotely of interest to your readers.

I have just been given a copy of your magazine, my first, and am very impressed with its content and, particularly, its authority. To my knowledge there is no such publication in Britain although I imagine there would be a definite demand if one was available. But then this is not the only field in which we are obviously trailing way behind our American counterparts.

P.C.
South Wales, Great Britain

COLD PHONE SEX

This is, unfortunately, a complaint against one of your advertisers. Last night, the mood being on me, I remembered an ad in *Drummer* 53 for "The Hottest Phone Sex Ever." I grabbed my Amex Card, specified acceptable in the ad, and dialed. What I got was a load of attitude worthy of a Bloomingdale's sales clerk in the Christmas rush, and a rude, "We only take Visa and MasterCard" before the line went dead.

I have been a member of the leather community for several years, and I have always been impressed by the atmosphere of man to man communication without a lot of phony shit and games. I have encountered this basic honesty and mutual respect in the businesses which deal with leathermen as well as among leathermen themselves. To encounter the kind of reception I got from him is to make me want to do whatever I can to see that no one else runs into this, and to do whatever I can to eliminate this from the leather experience your magazine speaks for so eloquently.

Obviously, one complaint is not

enough to alter the situation. I may have hit on someone at the end of a trying day. But, if others experience what I did, which seems likely, maybe this man deserves a cold shoulder.

N.H.
East Rutherford, N.J.

ENGLISH BLUE NOSES

You will recall that last year when I did not receive some issues of DRUMMER, you were good enough to let me have them when I called into your offices in San Francisco. From what I understand the trouble of non-delivery in England is caused by the bloody Customs. Evidently their censorship methods are to record the addresses and names of magazines they disapprove of and confiscate them if they feel so inclined. Unfortunately they are permitted by our laws to do just that.

It was interesting to note that when issue 47 came it was the first envelope I ever received which had not been ripped open. I can only assume that no. 49 got through because of the New Year festivities. It probably hit the Customs at that time when they were not looking so hard.

What about sending them to a forwarding agency in Holland which has no such censorship and from which I believe mail is not inspected like it is from the States.

Incidentally, I notice in your Malebox column a letter from somebody who had received advertising from the "Folsom Group." I have also received advertising from them. Also from "P.I.S.S." (People Into Shower Scenes). Hope the fuck it was genuine because it looked good and I decided to go for the magazine—they didn't waste any time getting it through my Mastercharge account either. Until that letter in your latest issue I didn't think anything of it as way back last March I got a blurb from "Apple Mailing" in N.Y. and in both cases originally thought my name and address had been lifted elsewhere.

Please try harder to get your magazines into England. Can't wait to get them, I don't know where I am with your "Run No More" story.

J.S.
Beds, England

Ed: It is a sad commentary that the country where many of our freedoms originated now has agencies that legally determine what their fellow countrymen can read. England wasn't quite so choosy on shipments from the States when Hitler, that other devotee of censorship, was battering down the walls. We will try harder for our many English subscribers, along with those in Canada and Australia who are also subjected to censorship and seizure of their mail.

Congratulations MR. INTERNATIONAL LEATHER & MR. DRUMMER-LUKE DANIEL 1982



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T.E.L.P.



It was only 9:30 by the old clock on the wall. Too early for heavy bar cruising. But here I was with a Bud in one hand and a pinball machine in the other. At least the week was over. Yeah, Tonight's Goal Is Fucking! I guess maybe I got too caught up in pinball. Anyway, I didn't notice the dude beside me walk up. My first glance registered a plain, open face, jeans, tee-shirt, leather jacket and boots. Standard bar clothes. My second look took in the broad shoulders, enlarged pecs and ramrod posture that shouts Marine loud and clear. I could already feel my dick easin' down the leg of my chaps when he said, "Hi. My name's Buck."

"Mine's Arnie. You on leave or fresh out of the Corps?"

He flashed me a big grin and asked, "How'd you know? I left my uniform back at the 'Y'."

"Oh, I've been around a *little* bit." At 23, that's a very true statement.

"Sorry to interrupt your game."

"Fuck pinball," I laughed.

"You'd have more fun fucking with me." He punctuated this by pushing open my leather jacket and sucking on my left nipple. You see, I've got this thing about my left nipple and...ah...yeah....

"Hey, I only live four blocks from here." I thought I'd be kinda friendly, ya know.

"I'm right behind you."

We played with each other's butts all the way home. My place ain't nothing special. I wanna live, not decorate. Buck didn't seem like the type who would give a shit about fancy sheets anyway.

"Well, lieutenant, this is what I call home," I said as I closed the door behind us.

meaning **THE GOAL IS FUCKING** says **RICK LEATHERS**

"I'm just a sergeant, but thanks for the promotion."

"OK, sarge, what's your pleasure?"

"Let me lay it out for you, Arnie. I like to fuck and I like to get my ass fucked. I've got a lot of cum and sweat and piss to share with you and I want to taste yours. But I want to do it *my* way."

"I don't need some nerd calling me 'master' and whining at my feet to remind me that I'm in control. I take charge because I'm good at it. That's what I was trained for. Are you ready to have some fun?"

"Whatever you say, Buck." I liked this one. He actually sounded confident.

"Let's strip down. And turn up the heat. I want it hot and sweaty in here."

"Yes, sir," I yelled out, half laughing. This was my first experience with a man who was secure enough in his masculinity that he didn't have to make a big production of it.

He peeled off his clothes like a stripper sleep-walking. Just naturally sexy, the way a healthy man is supposed to be. His cycle jacket had hidden a long scar on his right forearm. When he noticed me staring at it, he said, "I was burned pretty bad about a year ago. A gasoline-spill on our landing craft ignited while we were on maneuvers."

"Never thought I'd get turned on by a scar but it looks hot on you. It's like a modern art tattoo. Makes you look unique."

"Too many guys are afraid of anything that was paid for with pain. Go on and lick it. Give it some lovin'."

I touched my tongue, gingerly, to the broad swathe of scar tissue. It was firm and smooth and just a little salty from his sweat. Hell, in 90 seconds he had taken me through one of my own fears. I chowed down on that forearm and gave that sexy man's scar a spit shine that would have blinded a Marine DI holding inspection.

"Come on, let's get on the bed. I wanna swap some spit with you." We clinched-up in each other's arms and locked mouths. Man alive, he was one of those juicy bastards who could have the saliva flowing out over our chins on the first kiss.

I was beginning to be a little blown away by this real live human man-animal. It just didn't seem to occur to him to be uptight about anything. He must have done some real living to get his head this clear. I was ready to go anywhere he wanted to take me.

"Ease your tongue down into my armpits, fucker. Get some man-stink on your mustache."

Oh, yeah, he sure had my number. I love doing all those sexy things that my mama told me were nasty. The smell from his pits was rich and warm. I could

tell that he wasn't into junk food or worrying. My dick was already hard up against my belly and I just closed my eyes and slow-tongued this stranger from his biceps to his nipples.

"Jesus, Buck, I don't think that I've ever been this turned on before."

"Get into it, Babe. We're just getting started." He gripped my head between his hands and moved it slowly down across his navel (an "outie") and into his pubic hair. It wasn't real thick but it looked good on his tight, tanned body and tasted like man-all-man. Hot damn, I was having fun. I could smell his cock-head as he encouraged me to work my way down the shaft of his meat. I hear a lot of bull about everyone wanting a 12" stud but eight inches is all that I can comfortably handle. Buck was hung just right. And he had a foreskin. A long loose, chewy foreskin. There's hardly anything in this world that I like better than the smell and the taste of an uncut dick. I'm not into filth and I prefer a cock that's washed daily, but the uncut ones build up a nice load of sweat real quick. It turns me on like a lightning bolt.

Buck was getting turned on too. His dick was standing up nice and proud. "Take it in your mouth and work the foreskin back with your tongue."

"Aw yeah." I slipped my tongue just inside the loose skin and teased his pee-hole with my tongue tip. He chuckled and smacked me playfully on the side of my head. "I said lick it, not tickle me, asshole."

My tongue moved up between the top of his cockhead and his foreskin. It tasted real good, but when I slid on around to the underside of the head my tongue encountered something smooth and metallic.

"Huh???" I pulled back to check this one out.

"Skin it back and take a look." He laughed.

I peeled the skin back onto the shaft with my fingers. My jaw dropped when I saw a shiny steel ring that went through the pee-hole and came out through a second hole that had been pierced where the foreskin and the cockhead join.

"It's called a Prince Albert piercing. Don't chip your teeth on it."

Buck guided me back onto his crotch and I let it all go. I licked and sucked and nibbled on his hot, musky groin until I was gasping for breath.

The heat in the room had been building all this time and we were both pouring sweat. Buck rasied his legs up and spread his butt cheeks. "Suck on my ass for a while, Babe. Get me good and relaxed."

My mouth didn't need any guidance as it fastened onto his sweaty ass pucker. He was clean and he was tight but after I slowly swirled my tongue around the opening several times he groaned and relaxed. I went tongue-deep and horny-hot all at once. Rimming was never like this before. I let my tongue trace every fold and wrinkle of his leather-smooth ass. A real man tastes so damned fuckin' good.

"Get me some lube and then get into 69 position." I handed him the grease and jumped back to swallowing Buck's dick — so fuckin' good. He slid my cock easily into his throat and began sucking gently as he eased a greased finger into my rectum. Sixty-nining and being finger-fucked felt great but I started tensing up when he slipped a second finger into my ass.

"Ah, Buck. I've never been fisted before."

"I'm not going to fist you, Babe. I just want you finger-loose before I fuck you. Relax."

"Yes, sir," I purred. This bastard was one elegant topman. I'd volunteer for his squad any day. Laying there, pressed tightly against his body was like velvet moving across leather. Smooth and hot.

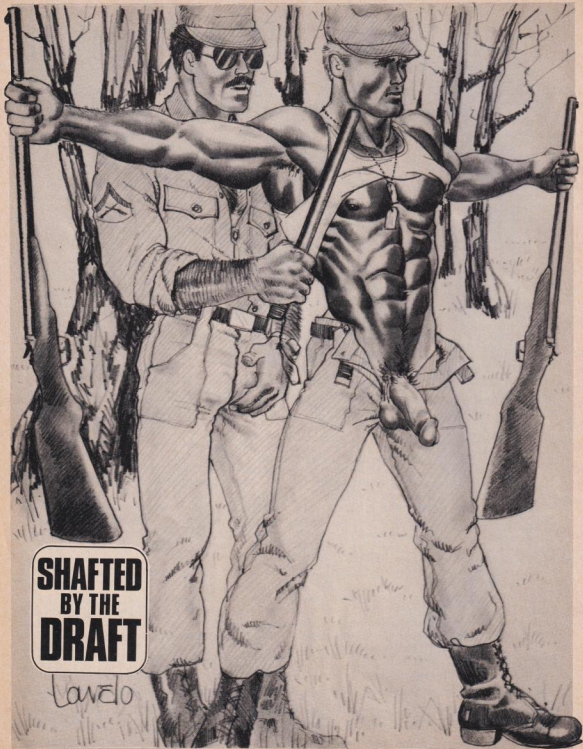
Buck has three fingers into me by then and I wouldn't have protested if he had slid his whole hand in there. Happily, he had something more to the point to fill me with.

"Roll over on your back and throw your legs up." Oh, yeah, butt-fuckin'. He placed my legs up on his shoulders and I could feel my prostate singing to his big cockhead as he entered me. Just as his pubes crushed up against my asshole his dick hit that pain-spud deep inside that makes getting fucked pure magic if the topman knows how to find it.

I heard my voice shouting, "Fuck me like you owned me, Sarge. Any way you want me."

"Shut up and butt-milk my dick, turkey." Buck said with a grin. Man do I ever get turned on when a man can feel free enough in his top role to laugh while he's controlling me. Go, daddy, go!

His plunger was stabbing into me slow and deep. This man wasn't going to cum in twenty strokes. I just settled my weight back on my shoulders and enjoyed having him ride me. Getting butt-fucked by a hard, hot man is one of life's sweetest pleasures. Buck shifted his position a bit when he gripped my ankles and held them together directly in front of him. He plowed me hard and fast then and the friction that was building up in my ass walls was sending me through the roof. We both were sweating so much that the bed was



**SHAFTED
BY THE
DRAFT**

Lavello



soaked and I was getting off on the way the sheet stuck to our bodies.

The lining of my rectum was on fire by the time that Buck decided to call for a rest. His dick was still rock hard and it felt like a boa constrictor was crawling across my prostate as he pulled it out of my gut. I really like that touch of pain I get when the cockhead pulls free of my outer sphincter.

"Roll over on your belly," Buck rasped between huge gulps of air. He must have been screwing me for nearly an hour. He lay down on my back as soon as I was prone and slid his dick back up my chute. The head hurt me as good going back in as it did coming out.

Buck just lay there on my back for a long time nibbling on my neck and ears and occasionally hip-thrusting into me to keep himself hard.

I could feel his heart beating through the layer of sweat that glued us together. Uuuuumm um! I had a hot man in my bed, a hard dick up my butt, and that relaxing glow that only good sex can bring. If this was what happens when you submit to a good top, I was ready to get into anything that he wanted to do.

"Time for one last ride, bronco," as he said this Buck gripped me by the hips and pulled me to my knees. When I tried to raise my shoulders, he shoved my face back down into the mattress. This stud knew just where he wanted me and just how to put me there. He held my hips tight and started ramming his dick into me harder and harder. Half the time he was actually pulling me back onto his shaft. I loved it. I fu. . . fu. . .fu. . .fuckin' loved it. The harder he slammed it in, the better it felt. I could hear Buck gasping for breath and groaning as he rode on toward his explosion. His sharp thrusts hurt just enough to make me tighten my ass muscles, increasing the friction pleasure for both of us.

"YEAH. . . FUCKIN'. . .YEAH!" Buck yelled as he rammed in deep and spewed USMC cum all over the lining of my bowels. God, it felt good. I love getting fucked but it was even more satisfying knowing that I had been able to pleasure this hot leatherneck. He was hip-thrusting slower now, gasping for air.

"Down!" My belly hit the bed as he landed on top of me again. My ass muscles were twitching involuntarily as they milked his softening cock. It slowly relaxed until the head was just inside the passage. I savored that last twinge of pain as the head pulsed free when he rolled off of me. Buck lay on his side and held me in his arms while we floated in the after-sex haze of pleasure.

I must have been dozing for a while when I felt Buck's dick pushing against my lips. Uuuum! I like the taste of ass juice and cum on a just used cock.

"Take it in your mouth and tongue-stroke it real gentle. I've got a little present for you," Buck rasped.

I had never drank piss before, but after jacking off to a thousand stories about swallowing it, like a man, I figured it was time I found out what it was like. The first few drops trickled out slowly and tasted sour-sweet. Then, I felt the tube inside his cock expand and a steady stream of military piss flowed into my mouth. While I gulped down mouthful after mouthful of warm golden body-water I stroked his balls and his butt cheeks gently with my fingers. I had always fantasized about a man forcing me into water sports but this was more like a religious experience. He was sharing his water-of-life with me. I buried my face in his pubic hair and tried to find every way possible to let my mouth show him my gratitude.

The flow finally slowed to a trickle but I kept sucking until every drop was gone. "Wow, Buck, that was wonderful. I felt like I was worshipping your cock."

"That's what a man's cock is for, babe. Whenever times get hard and you don't have anything else, you can always turn to your prick for warmth and pleasure. I was stationed in Korea during the winter of '79. When we'd go out to patrol the cease-fire line up in the mountains, it was so cold that our feet would go numb. I'd have the jar-heads in my platoon flop out their dicks and have circle jerks to warm up. It was great to see all those horny young marines shooting white hot cum on the white cold snow."

"That was where I started learning about erotic pain. Some of the officers who were into S/M had set up a secret sex-torture club where they took enlisted men who showed signs of turning out to rough sex for some wild times."

"I had been having man-sex since I was twelve, but those officers showed me a sophistication that I had never even guessed at. They took me in as a punk who thought he knew everything about sex, and they sent me out as a man ready to experience the sensual vulnerability of this savage dance called life."

"My first visit to the clubhouse was at the start of a four day leave. I had tricked with Major Barksdale several times when he invited me to a three-day sex trip I jumped at the chance. He picked me up in his jeep just outside the camp's front gate and drove us to an old stone building way out in the countryside. From the out-

side it looked like a ruin but they had really done a number on the interior. Everything was heavy wood beams, iron bars and cages, racks and pulleys, and several Japanese things that I've never seen anywhere else.

"My dick was hard as a rock by the time he got me stripped and my gear stowed in a locker. Major Barksdale said that he wanted to get me into the right headspace, real quick, so he fitted a tight leather hood over my head. It had a nose-hole for me to breath through but no eye-holes. There was also a hole for my mouth, but after he got the hood laced up tight so that it molded to my head and neck, he shoved a leather plug into my mouth and snapped it in place.

"That my sound like a high gear to start a rough scene off in, Babe, but you've got to understand that marines are broken and trained to obey orders without questions. I was half way into S/M before I even knew what it really meant. Anyway, the Major acted as my trainer for the next three days. He whispered through the hood that he was going to start removing my fear of pain."

"He guided me to an inclined table of some sort and laid me back against it at a 75° angle. I could feel him securing my wrists and elbows and knees to the rack with web straps. He went away for a while and I had time to think over what was happening to me. My dick was hard, and my body was warm, and I was ready to try something new and sexy. I must have jumped when I suddenly felt the Major's hand on my crotch. He kind of chuckled and fitted a small harness around my cock and balls with an attached band that pulled my nuts down away from my body. I could feel something scraping me as he got the harness in place but a thousand tiny pin pricks stabbed me like bee stings when he tightened the damned thing up."

"While I was jerking my hips around trying to adjust to the pain in my crotch he ran his hands across my chest and started pinching and flicking my nipples. Pretty soon he attached some clips to my tits that bit down hard. I could feel a chain connecting them and several times he gave it a tug. Even though I had been through some of the best training in the world to toughen a man up and I was with an officer whom I was conditioned to obey, the pain in my tits and groin was starting to freak me out."

"Major Barksdale must have sensed this because he stroked my head for a moment and then went down on me. Even with all those little pin pricks biting into me, the warm, wet feeling of a man sucking on my cock helped

calm me down.

"After a few minutes he got up and whispered just loud enough for me to hear through the leather hood, 'Relax, Marine. We've got one more barrier to get you through before the good part begins.'

"I didn't know it them but he deliberately intended to force me beyond my limits the way a rancer pushes a horse to break and train him. Pushing a man like that is dangerous but, if you have the confidence and the equipment AND the experience, you can open up whole new worlds of sensual perceptions for him.

"The Major took me down from the table and guided me up against a post. He attached my arms to a beam that formed a T with the upright. I just stood there, my arms straight out from my sides, the weight of my body pressing my tortured groin and tits into the post, and hurt.

"I jumped again when the Major laid what felt like a soft, dry rope across my shoulders. That was my first encounter with a snake-whip. The Major saw that later there would be others.

"I'm going to whip you now, Mister. You can yell all that you want, but when I'm through with you you'll know exactly what it feels like to submit to a man."

"The first lash of his whip across my back burned like fire and ice. After that he really laid it on and I just started screaming. He whipped my back and my butt and my legs until I began feeling something in my head stop resisting what he was doing. The whipping and the harness and tit clamps still hurt but it just didn't seem to matter. It was all just happening. When the tension started easing out of my body-language, Major Barksdale stopped the whipping and took me down. He guided me over to a platform of some sort and laid me down on my back. The whip welts that covered my backside were burning like hell but when he pressed me down against the smooth, padded leather that covered the table I started feeling a sex-rush that continued for three days that I was there. He had hurt me but he hadn't harmed me and I was beginning to trust him to take care of me. While I was laying there the Major must have stripped down because the next thing that I felt was his hard, naked body pressing down against me. His greased-up cock bored into my hole as he raised my whip-marked legs up off the table. After he was firmly in the saddle he removed my mouth plug and kissed me long and deep. Going from such extreme pain to intense sex and affection is a powerful experience.

"I completely surrendered to Major

Barksdale at that moment and throughout the remainder of my training under him I would have done anything that he asked of me.

"The rest of that leave was spent being shaved, caged, isolated, tortured, and trained, but at every step when I would reach a barrier and start to resist, the Major was there to hold and stroke me, to calm me with his voice, or to slide his stud-horse dick up my butt and make it all right.

"When you don't resist what's happening to you, Arnie, but just get into it and trust yourself to make it through, there are some incredible experiences waiting for you. The key is to find a trainer who knows where you need to go and how to get you there. The Major did that for me and I'll always be grateful to him for it.

"He took me to the clubhouse as often as possible during the next fifteen months. I learned about feelings and passions that I had never dreamed existed. On our last session before I was transferred back to the States he took me through my most intense and surprising experience. We arrived just after dark and I stowed my gear in my locker like always. I was standing naked, at attention when the Major walked up with a hood in his hand. This time, though, the leather had eye holes and no plug for my mouth. I would be free to see and speak. He had me stand in front of the inclined rack and place the spiked cock-harness and tit clamps on myself. Then he ordered me to walk over and brace myself against the whipping T. He took down his snake whip and gave me the beating of my life. I didn't scream this time or resist him in any way. I knew that he was watching for any tissue damage to my body so I relaxed and got into the pain. When you aren't in any real danger pain is just intense sensation if you don't fear it or fight it. And a hard whipping is the most incredible form of attention. Every time his whip bit into me I knew that he was centering his entire consciousness on me. There's a kind of non-possessive love that men can share moment-by-moment in that.

"My whole backside was one glowing red welt when he stopped and stripped off his fatigues and boots. He laid me out on the leather-padded table and mounted me — dry. Learning to enjoy being dry-fucked was a difficult one for me, but once I got the hang of it I loved having a stud bend me over and ram it in.

"The Major pounded his cock into my ass until the friction had my hole as hot as the skin on the outside of my

butt. It was like having fireworks going off in my brain and my butt-hole all at once. Part of my training had included regular heavy workouts with the Major in the gym. The man who fucked me that night was a mass of tight, hard, toned muscles with a mind and will to match. He gored me deep and I welcomed every thrust by tightening my sphincter, reaching out with passion for everything that he wanted to give me. I had been trained to cum on command and when he heard back and roared like a bull as he shot his load up my ass I threw the switch in my head and blew away into an orgasm with him. We moaned and clutched, grinding into each other for what seemed like an eternity. Afterwards, we lay quiet for a while with me curled up in his arms. There were no commitments between us and we knew that our lives would soon take separate directions, but that night I loved that man with my whole being. And I loved him most of all for not trying to make our relationship more than it really was.

"When we were rested, he removed the hood from my head. He had taken off the spiked harness and clips after we came. My whole being felt so at peace and so secure that what happened next took me completely by surprise. Major Barksdale walked over to the peg on the wall where he had hung his snake-whip after he had finished using it on me, took it down, and carefully coiled it as he walked back over to where I was standing. When he was only three feet in front of me he dropped to his knees, bowed his head as he held the whip up toward me, and said in a quiet voice, 'Let's see what you've learned, . . . sir.'

"That night I took my first steps toward becoming a man. The next day, he pierced my cock and placed the ring in the head as a sign of our time together. He had taught me all that he had to teach. Not long after that I was shipped back stateside where I was injured during a training maneuver down at Camp Pendleton. That's where I got this scar. While I was recovering, I had a lot of time to think about what I wanted to do with my life."

I had been listening closely to everything that Buck said but it was time now to ask the one question that was bothering me. "When we first met I asked you if you were on leave or out of the Corps."

"I'm out. It's time I put the things that I have learned into action."

"Will you train me, Buck? Teach me to feel the magic of my manhood?"

He gave a kind of soft grin at that and said, "Well, Babe, it looks like we've already begun." □

ON PUTTING YOUR FOOT IN MY MOUTH

Numbly I crossed the small space that separated us and dropped down to my hands and knees, lowering my head to one of Stosh's beautifully-shaped size 13 feet. The socks were soggy with foot-sweat and permeated through with the ripe pungent stink of sneaker-smell and the moist musky aromas of his wide, high-arched manly feet. The strong blast of intoxicating foot-perfume that I had experienced while my face had been buried inside his sneakers was mild in comparison to the powerful onslaught of repulsive odors that filled my nostrils as they approached the sculptured arch of his wool-covered toes. I felt my senses reeling.

**THE FOOT FRATERNITY
GIVES THE
FOOT FETISHIST A
REASON TO NEVER HAVE
TO SAY HE IS SORRY—
WHEREVER HE PUTS
HIS FOOT...**

by ART MUENCH



Photography by Pat Costello



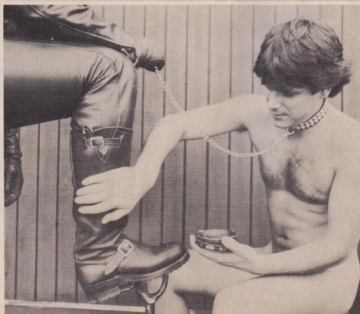
My tongue extended and began to lap the blond jock's smelly socked foot, over the hard full instep and around to the sides, licking and gnawing at the ankle and the delicious hollow underneath the ankle. Stosh raised his hairy, muscular leg, lifting the foot off the floor. With his thighs spread as they were, this movement served to spread open the twin mounds of his muscular, firmly-packed, alabaster white buttocks, exposing the pinkish-brown rosebud of his hair-ringed asshole. As he studied his lifted foot approvingly, checking on his newly-laundered sock, I devoured with my eyes the rare glimpse of his most secret and private mystery—his warm, moist, and tender man-hole.

You have just come to the end of an excerpt on foot sex from the upcoming MACH. The following is the author's account of how he got that way and how the FOOT FRATERNITY came about.

I guess I've been asked countless times how I got into the foot scene and how I became attracted to men wearing certain types of boots and shoes. I've often thought back to the time when it all started. I was in the 7th grade, having just entered junior high and was sort of quiet and shy, even though I was on the junior varsity soccer team and in the band.

My wardrobe was always picked out by my mom, never anything trendy, just always basic. It wasn't as though we were poor; on the contrary, my parents were foreign-born, conservative people and we were living in a very conservative town. So my wardrobe, including shoes, was plain! The style of the late '50s was either the greaser look—black pegged pants, white socks and black pointed shoes—or, if you were a jock or an intellectual, you wore chinos, white socks and penny loafers. I was attracted to both types of dress and, I guess, individuals. It would be, believe it or not, seven years before I heard the word 'gay', eight years before my first experience with a guy and ten years before I decided I was gay. I probably never was attracted to the individual; I became attracted to what they were wearing. Maybe if I had known about being gay I might never have developed my attraction to shoes and boots and specific types of clothing.

Sexual fulfillment came from getting hold of, or close to, someone else's shoes or boots and mentally getting off that way, whether it was the tough guy in the class or the class president. My opportunities came either during gym or after-school soccer practice. And ultimately, if I couldn't get close to them I would take my allowance and buy footwear exactly like theirs. Then my problem was to keep the many new pairs of shoes hidden from my parents and wear them without them noticing. The collection grew and grew





throughout my school years.

I was having my personal fantasies about Peter Fonda, bikers and motorcycle gangs and, since I couldn't get close to Fonda's black engineer boots nor was anyone wearing engineer boots in upper Minnesota, I got myself a pair. By this time I must have had a full dozen pair of loafers, several pairs of dress shoes and countless pairs of boots. I had to abandon dozens of pairs at home when I left for college.

It was during my sophomore year that I had my first gay experiences. Jerry had a ritual of taking off my engineer boots before he gave me a blow job and he did it in such a sensual way that I had a hard-on before I knew what was going to happen. I was still naive, believe me! The blow job from a guy was disappointing, but what he did with my boots was a real turn-on. From that day to this I prefer someone to service my boots and shoes, rather than my cock. Jerry performed the same ritual about three more times and I was getting more and more aroused by his subservient gestures to my engineer boots.

I would be sitting, reading or watching TV when Jerry would come over, gently lift my legs one at a time, and ever so slowly and carefully pull off my boots, not wanting to disturb me. Or

so it seemed. He would kiss both boots and properly place them side by side next to the chair. I would instantly have a raging hard-on. Jerry would pull out my cock and go down on it. In less time than it took him to take off my black engineer boots, my come was gushing down his throat. I still wasn't terribly happy about a guy going down on me and after the fourth time, it didn't happen again for over two years.

In quiet moments I would recall my encounters with Jerry and whenever I did my cock got hard. I would pull out my engineer boots and I'd have myself a hot orgasm.

After graduating I moved to Florida where guys weren't into boots, I guess because of the weather. I became somewhat attracted to sneakers, but never as much as I was to boots. I joined a gym where there were opportunities to get close to men's shoes and I could do "my thing."

A few months after I arrived in Florida I landed a job with a large conservative corporation. The standard dress was three-piece suits, white shirts and usually wingtips. That's when I became attracted to "that look" in a guy and began taking a new interest in dress shoes. It was during this period that I began looking at men on the street in a different way, looking first at the face

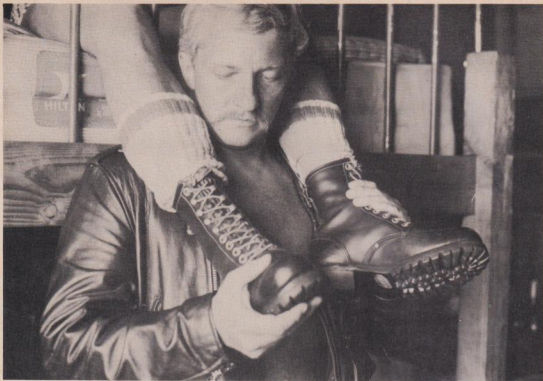
and immediately checking out the shoes. It became a habit that I have to this day. A man can turn me on a hell of a lot more if he's wearing the *right* type of boots or shoes.

I was transferred to San Francisco and my entire life style began to change. Harness boots and Frye's were popular so my shoe collection increased again. Roommates and frequent evening guests would see my vast collection and ask me why I had so many. I couldn't say I was attracted to boots and shoes for fear of a negative reply or look. Lord knows I was gay, but to be attracted to shoes and boots was really weird and I felt I was alone in the world.

The strange looks and questions increased as more and more people noticed my collection of footwear. When I moved in with my first lover and he said, "Art, do you have a fetish for boots and shoes?"

I was horrified by the word "fetish". At that time it meant to me that I was probably obsessed and "sick". I responded, "Hell, no! I just have a large collection."

For the next two years my collection really didn't grow, but I couldn't stop looking at a guy's feet to see what he was wearing, whether it was in the Financial District (wingtips), on Castro



YOU CAN JUDGE A MAN BY WHAT HE WEARS ON HIS FEET.

(loafers, tennies) or on Folsom (boots).

On Folsom black engineer boots were the most common variety. But I hadn't kept mine from college days so I had to get another pair. I changed lovers a few times and would always hide my interest in footwear but when I was "doing the streets" I'd still be out looking for a man in a hot pair of boots or shoes. As my interest in footwear continued to grow, I felt the need to have my boots serviced. Once I got a trick home, I would force him down to my booted feet and instruct him to service my boots. Most of the time they obeyed. Still I felt my tricks weren't into it as much as I was and I was still alone.

During my lunch breaks I would head to the park to read or catch a quick nap. One such sunny afternoon I had removed my shoes and was lying on the grass. When I awoke there was a young guy sitting within inches of me staring at my black wingtips. We started to talk and after a while we headed to a place where we could get to know one another a bit more. I grabbed his loafered foot and squeezed it. Without a moment's hesitation he responded, "Let me have one of your wingtips."

I gave him one of my shoes and he slipped off his loafers. We proceeded to have a great jack-off scene with each other's shoes. I had found someone who shared my interest. A friendship was struck. We got together a few times and he told me he was in contact with others around the country who were also into feet and shoes.

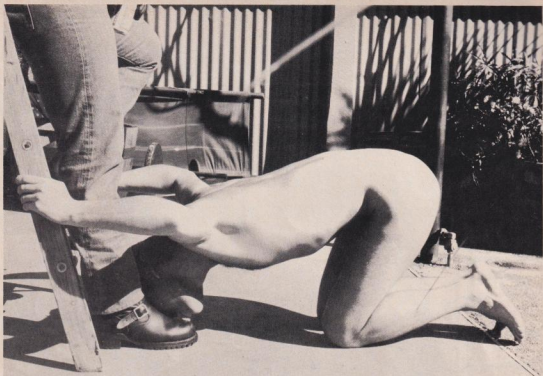
I no longer felt alone but now I had the urge to meet these people and get us together as a group so that we could share our interests and desires and possibly work out our fantasies.

I came up with the name of the *Foot Fraternity* in January 1980. The name has created a hesitancy in some people to respond to my ads as they feel it probably is for people who are strictly into feet. So I've started to advertise the organization as *The Fraternity*. In two and a half years I have received over 2000 letters of inquiry. There have been over 600 members from all over the globe.

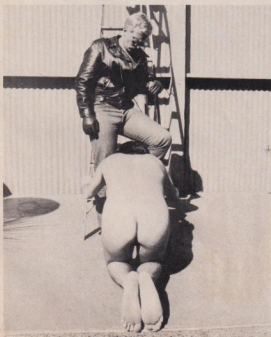
People like myself are not only attracted to feet and the basic footwear of shoes, boots, sneakers and socks, but to other, specific types of clothing. Examples: leathers worn with engineer boots, gym outfits with sneakers, three-piece suits with wing-

tips, the preppy look with loafers, police uniforms with motorcycle boots, etc. So I incorporated interest in clothing as part of the *Fraternity's* scope. With 600 members there are countless interests and fantasies. Members are encouraged to submit pictures of themselves, along with any fantasy shots, which are then reproduced and made available to all other members. There are both true and fictional stories submitted by members, there is a Buy-Sell-Trade column and parties are held periodically in different areas of the country.

THE FOOT FRATERNITY's mailing address is P.O. Box 3385, San Francisco, CA 94119. They publish a regular newsletter with want ads from members and offer mail forwarding and get-togethers for members and others interested in footwear and other specialized items of clothing. Membership in the U.S. and Canada is \$20 per year. Foreign is \$25. We hope to bring you further coverage of the *Fraternity's* conclave in San Francisco soon. □



GIVE ME A FOOT-LICKER OVER A COCK-SUCKER ANY TIME!



DRUMMER'S DADDIES

SEND TO:
ROBERT PAYNE
c/o DRUMMER
15 HARRIET STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94103

Photo: SUNBLAZER STUDIOS





IN SEARCH OF OLDER MEN

DRUMMER DADDIES COME IN ALL SHAPES & SIZES!

MASTER/DAD

The voice on the phone was deep but sounded youngish. I still don't know how he got my number but he said his name was Dick and that he had the number because he was holding a nine-inch piece of hot, thick cock in his hand right then. "Interested, man? You don't know me, but you've seen my picture if you're into magazines. I flashed this big dick in front of more cameras than I can count."

"What do you look like?" I asked, feeling my own cock getting bigger and bigger in my jock strap.

"I'm 5'10", dark hair, 150 pounds of solid muscle, hairy body and fucking hot for a juicy tongue on this big dick. A buddy of mine says you've got just the hot mouth I need right now — all over my body, man, it's covered with sweat from working out. You'd like that, cocksucker? You'd like this hot nineteen year old stud with a fuckin' raunchy body and big dick? I'm shit-faced stoned, man, and that gets me horny as hell."

Even though it was late at night and I had to work the next day, the son-of-a-bitch really turned me on, so I asked him to come over. He said he lived in Brooklyn not far from me and said he'd be right there, adding, "But only if I am in charge."

About fifteen minutes later, the doorbell rang. Up the steps came a hot Italian stud whose picture I had seen. His leather pants clearly showed the big dick he'd boasted about and his tight sweaty tee-shirt was bursting with muscles. His glazed green eyes examined me closely. Then he muttered, "Fucking hot, man. You're some kind of stud yourself even though you're old enough to be my father."

The last phrase I ignored, thinking he might be turned off by someone in his early 40's. I forget this is a different generation from my own, or at least I would never have looked at someone even approaching 30 when I was 19.

This dick obviously was different. His eyes suddenly met mine and he started running his tongue over his lips while he stared at me. I started to do the same, then curled my tongue and slurped a huge gob of spit back and forth on it. His own tongue came out further and he

said, "Let me have some of that spit — please, daddy, let me have some of your hot spit."

I was startled and didn't know what to make of the change in scene. I'm usually a top but would have groveled on the floor for this demanding and dominant young kid. That's what I thought was going to happen — and I think he did, too, until he saw me. I told him to open his fucking mouth and leaned over and spit in it. "Please, Daddy, give me more. Please?" He got down on his knees, looking at my mouth while I let one stream of spit follow another. If any spilled on the floor, he immediately licked it up.

"Stand up, shithead!", I ordered. He promptly obeyed, this time with his eyes lowered and head suddenly bent in submission. I led him into the dark living room, lighted only by the fireplace. As he undressed, the light flickered on his hard body and huge dick which, at that point looked to be about a foot long. He squatted down on the floor rubbing on his ripped levis his handsome face muttering, "Daddy, why did you leave me? You knew I loved you." His tongue began to lick parts of my leg he could reach through the holes. He moaned, "Oh, daddy, I found you at last."

By this point my cock was bursting through the jock strap and the 501's. I unbuttoned the pants enough for that well-packed jock to spring out. He cried, "There's my daddy's cock. I've always wanted to taste it. It's even bigger than I thought it would be."

"Lick it, son. Lick Daddy's cock through his jock strap." "Oh yeah." He moaned further, "Daddy, you've got some piss on it. Let me clean it off for you, please?" I patted his head and moved it slowly around so he could reach all over my raunchy jock strap. "Yeah, daddy, bring me out gently. Just like I always wanted you to do."

I let him ease my cock out the side of my jock. "Lick it all over," I ordered. Get your daddy's dick nice and clean for him." His tongue and mouth felt fantastic, leading me to say, "Fuck, son, you could do this for a living."

"Oh, Daddy, don't be mad at me, but I do sometimes. I've been a bad boy. People pay money for me to take care of them. You aren't gonna punish

me, are you? I'm the stud slut who'll do anything for enough cash. But now all I want is your cock in my mouth. That's all I ever wanted."

"You fucking whore. What kind of son do I have? Get off my fucking cock and bend over that table." He jumped up and did as he was told with that hot firm ass sticking up and his cock getting even bigger. I grabbed a belt. It whistled in the air as blow after blow struck that perfect ass. "I know I'm a bad boy. I deserve to be punished. Hit me harder, Daddy, please," he shouted.

His ass was becoming a deep red and I yanked him up and pulled him into the john. "Lean over that toilet seat. Some hot piss will feel good on that ass, won't it, boy?"

"Oh, yeah, daddy. Do whatever you want with me. Piss all over me. Piss in my mouth, on my face, in my hair. I'm a no-good pig. Do to me what I do to the others, Daddy."

I sat him down on the toilet seat and let go with a hot rush of recycled beer all over his face. His open mouth tried to catch as much of it as he could as he muttered, "My daddy's piss. Oh my God. I've never tasted it. I love it. When I shoved the pissing cock in his mouth he shot all over without touching himself — endlessly. Then he looked up at me with those deep green eyes and said, "Please, Daddy, let me have your cum."

The combination of spit, mouth and tongue on my cock was irresistible and I came in seconds. The first of three times that night. Haven't come that fast or often since I was a teenager.

We eventually fell asleep with him in my arms, purring softly. I took the next day off from work and he cancelled a few "appointments."

That was two months ago, Dick now loves me like the father he once had, but who deserted the family when he was twelve — and who, incidentally, he says looked like me. He's become my slave/son who keeps house, cooks, services me and my friends and with my permission still continues hustling with other men (but hands over his considerable fee.)

But, I've changed too. I now have the son I never thought was possible who's willing (and equipped) to do anything to please me. It is a big responsibility.

Peter Thomas Bond

EVEN DRUMMER HAD NO IDEA THERE WAS SUCH A



HERE'S OUR DAD

We are sending you this picture of our Dad. We sure hope you can use it in your great mag. When we are really good to our Daddy, he sometimes rewards us by letting us read DRUMMER.

Our Daddy isn't home he could be hanging out at J.R.'s Cell.

Daddies Paddies'
The Snelling Boys

WANTS A BIG DADDY

Last week I picked up the latest issue of Drummer. Upon finding out that you had done a sequel to the original Drummer Daddy, I could hardly wait to get home. My compliments indeed!!! I couldn't make it past the third page before I had to unload. The articles appear to be from actual people. Do you have forwarding addresses? If so, I would like to reply to some of them.

Last year I was also a member of the now non-existent "Daddy's and Daddy's Boys" club. With little results. Nonetheless, I never give up hope of finding the kind of Daddy that I would like to make passionate, and yes kinda kinky sex with. Who knows, I've always thought there must be a Drummer Daddy out there.

The following is a fantasy that I have written and thought I might share. It happened with my Daddy that I work with. I've written some other stories

which people have said are very good. If you decide to use the story, or portions of it, please feel free to do so. Like I say, the stories in this past issue were great.

I'm looking for a Daddy that is usually larger than myself, must have a beard, the bushier and the hairier, the better.

I look forward to your next issue with great anticipation, and keep up the good work.

ZAX
New Orleans, LA

DADDY/SON/LOVER/FRIEND

Thanks! After reading your last issue, (53), it made me realize that for the past twenty-one years I've been missing out on a hell of a lot more than I'd ever imagined. My DADDY!

I feel like I've practically raised myself. I never had a father, or a mother for that matter. No one to learn from, grow with, to give me the opportunities most young guys took for granted. So, after hearing what some of your daddies had to offer lonely, lost little boys like myself, I figured it was about damn time I do something about it! Don't you?

Just let me get one thing straight. I'm not looking for some nice looking little sugar daddy to take care of my EVERY need! I've always worked hard for everything I've ever gotten. So, I'm not one to sit on my little ass (quite hot too, if I may add) and expect a handout. That my daddy can be sure of.

So, c'mon daddies. Isn't there at least one of you hot, horny men ready to make this little boy the best little man he can possibly be? To become the son/lover/friend you've always wanted and the daddy he's never had? Well here I am. Sitting all alone on this pretty, little ass, waiting for the firm hand only you can offer.

I'd like to give a "special" thanks to you DRUMMER. Not only for making me realize just what I've been missing, but for giving all of us "little boys" the chance to find the daddies we've always dreamed of, but never had!

MY NEW SON

I have read your article on Daddies and Daddy's Boys and am interested as an older man. I am g/w/m 44, a business man, heavy and not particularly good looking. I have raised young boys and men for years, giving them a start in life and caring for them. Only one out

of five has been gay and never put upon them.

I would like to take a boy about 18 to be my son and to give love and affection. I would like one that wants and needs a lot of love and a father who cares.

Can you help me?

DADDY JIM
Albuquerque, NM

AN OBEDIENT SON

At home, as a disobedient boy, I received the belt frequently, at school as a truant teenager (even until 17), I got paddled often. Now as a man-slave, I have a very strict Master.

He demands that I be completely shaved, naked as a buck at home, with a horsetail plugged up into my bung-hole, requiring me to eat meals and sleep in a stall. When I am late, or sullen, or break a rule, Master whips my bare ass vigorously with his wide leather strap and sends me to the stall.

Sir, I am not complaining — I am a slave — a worthless slave. I respectfully ask if you feel I am too dependent on the strap both physically and psychologically? Is the strap programming me in life to a point where the strap is MORE important than my Master?

Master refuses to compromise his punitive practices, he dialogues freely about personality development, dependence and determinants but forcefully whips my ass in daily practice.

Master told me that he never whipped anyone before he whipped me. I have no reason to question that statement as true; every time, before he does punish me, Master requires me to say, "Sir, strap my bare ass good for being so stupid, I'm sorry!" Then the leather cuts deep into my naked butt, fully burning and aching with each stroke of the strap!

gh
Long Beach, CA

DAD KNOWS WHAT I NEED

I need a Dad who is all man. He must know who he is, where he is going, and what he must do to achieve his goals in life. My Dad's wants and needs must be taken care of by his slave and no one else.

My Dad must not be afraid to train me in any way. My Dad would only hurt me if he loved me.

He must be able to fuck his slave in the mouth with all 8" of his thick, long, hard rod and if he thinks there's enough

HUGE DEMAND FOR DADDIES AND DADDY'S BOYS!

room to stick his big fat balls in with his cock. My Dad must be able to fuck his slave in the ass with his bull dick and to come all over his slave.

My Dad must be able to fart in my face and have me accept it as a reward for a job well done.

My Dad must know what is good for me. He must be able to piss down my throat or wherever else he wants to put it. He must be able to take his hairy body and rub it all over my face.

He's got to be all man and close to between 28-35 years old, for I want to live with him as long as is possible. If he is a loner, and does not associate with other men I don't care because I live only for him. I want to please my Dad in every way he wants me too. For my Dad living under his boot would be all that I could ask for.

P.M.S.
Denver, CO

FATHER/SON

Raised as an adult by my great grandparents, it was my greatest joy to be reared as an adult by my father, (actually my stepfather, but in rearing what is a step but something to get up from and over).

As the oldest of six and left basically to my own responsibilities, it was my duty to sit, shall we say, in their seat while mom and dad were out.

Upon their return on several such nights and into the beginning of the day, my father would come into the den (after having put mom to bed), usually clad only in pajama bottoms — his hairy chest standing proud and assured, to check and see how things had gone (never doubting that something had).

He would relax by my side and get me to rub his broad shoulders, down his muscular spine to the small of his back, downward through his pajamas kneading the well rounded cheeks of his ass, down its crevice and deep into the undersides of his thick thighs where I could feel his cock begin to thicken and enlarge and grasp the weightiness of his large balls.

Continuing down and around his thighs, over and around his muscularly thick calves, to his Roman arched feet and toes, his then turning over beginning at the top again.

His hairy firm chest and arms, down his rippled stomach to his waist into the pelvic muscles, along the interior of his thighs would I massage.

His cock by this time, hard, thick, and firmly gutting thru the snap closure

of his pajamas at my mouth level (as natural as man (boy/man have been from time beginning) would I encircle. The sensuously sheening purple cock head and its beautifully thick and long shaft into and down my mouth and throat, where he would soon deposit a gushingly sweet load of come.

Then he would allow me to sit upon his still throbbing cock and warm thickly muscled thighs and beat off up and into the hairs of his chest then, taking me by the back of my neck and lick him clean of my cum mingled with his sweat.

I can assure you gentlemen, since this went on for many years and, hopefully, one day will resume, I hotly remember in the knowledge and experience of what has been and will always, all ways be — the eternal bond of son to Father and Father to son!

P.E.A.
Washington, DC

SON OF THE FATHER

You may add me to the list of men who were burned by "Daddies and Daddy's Boys."

I am looking for a Daddy. I am 27 years old, and a college graduate. I weight 150 lbs, and stand 5 ft. 10 in. tall, with short brown hair, brown eyes, a moustache, beard, and hairy body.

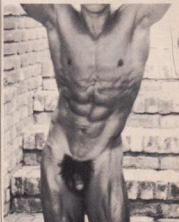
I am looking for an older man (40 years old +), in fair to good physical condition, sexually dominant and aggressive, who is looking for a "son." Salt-and-pepper hair or white sideburns are an extra turn-on for me, as are leather or military uniforms on Dad.

Sexually, I am versatile, going both top and bottom. With Dad, however, I am only bottom. I enjoy rough fucking, fist-fucking, sucking, rimming, piss-drinking, boots, leather, levis, uniforms, corporal discipline, verbal abuse, and some bondage.

I am an obedient son who is eager to please and pleasure Dad, however he wants. I want to wrap my lips around Dad's hot dick, to lick his balls, and stick my tongue up his ass; I want to spread my ass-cheeks and feel Dad's cock slide up my asshole — and to feel Dad's hand slide up there, too. When Dad needs to piss, I want to be his urinal. I want to lick Dad's boots, and rub my face in his crotch. I want to feel Dad's disciplining hand and belt on my ass. In short, I want to be a hot, rough-Daddy's son.

C.J.B.
Atlanta, GA

ARE YOU ONE OF DRUMMER'S DADDIES OR LOOKING FOR ONE?



SEND US YOUR STORY
YOUR PICTURE OR
YOUR REPLY TO ONE
WE HAVE PUBLISHED.
LET'S GET THIS SEARCH FOR
OLDER MEN UNDERWAY!



Give us your experiences, your fantasies, your picture on this subject as we explore it in depth... as only DRUMMER CAN!

Send it to:
ROBERT PAYNE
c/o **DRUMMER**
15 Harriet Street
San Francisco, CA 94103

And check elsewhere in this issue for Robert Payne's forthcoming book *IN SEARCH OF OLDER MEN* published by Alternate Publishing.

IF YOU ARE MAN ENOUGH TO BE A DADDY'S BOY AND ARE WILLING TO



**MY DADDY,
THE LOGGER**

From the earliest that I can remember, I have always had a hard on for my father. The very first erection that I can remember was while he was playing pony with me. He would place his booted foot between my legs and bounce me up and down. To this day I still get a hard on thinking about that dirty leather logging boot hitting my crotch.

My father was young when I was born. When I was twelve he was only twenty-seven. He was from a long line of loggers developed from the Welsh and Germans of the northern states. As a kid, he towered over me like one of the big trees he would cut down. His body was very hairy, his chest large and bone structure huge. The smell of pine was always with him.

It was the summer of my 12th year when it happened. I will always long for it to happen again, to dream about it and yearn to find his replacement. It was a very hot summer day 19 years ago. We left the truck on a side dirt road in the upper wilds of Wisconsin. There they call them fire lanes. We marched for hours through the woods and underbrush. Dad lead the way as he always did. I hurried to keep up with his long steady stride. He never stopped for me, no matter how old I was. I was expected to forge ahead without a whimper or fear. Boys and men did not cry. My eyes would focus on dad's rounded ass watching the sweat mark appear in the crack of his tight fitting work pants. I knew I admired him and would even try to sneak a peek of his long soft dick as he would take a piss. It was how he would shake his dick after a good piss that got me started playing with my own small dick. I thought I had found a new and wonderful thing and I was the only one in the world that knew about it.

Even with the long days of summer it was dark by the time we had made camp and had our supper. It was a warm night, dad opened a can of beer, took off his shirt and settled down in front of the dying fire using a log as a back rest. I sat across from him. He crossed his booted feet at the ankles. The shadows from the red hot coals bouncing off the soles of his size 11 logger boots played a magical game to my eyes. The shadows would dance up and down his legs. My eyes could not move from watching this game. First the boots then up to his crotch. His tight pants stretched over his muscular legs, thighs and crotch. He must have noticed me staring at his body. He started to rub himself and talk of all the girls that he had fucked. How they would beg for more and then call him "Kingfish." God I remember my mouth was dry, the night chills running up and down my arms and my little cock was rock hard. The more dad drank, the more he talked, the more he talked the more he would rub his crotch. I could tell his crotch was growing. His cock was hard as a rock. I remember standing up and walking towards the tent when Dad grabbed my arm and yanked me to the ground, forcing my trembling hand over his cloth bound cock. Feel a man's cock boy, ordered my father. He took my hand and ran it the whole length of his hard man cock. As soon as he released my hand to get another beer, I removed it as fast as I could. I had never seen my father act this way, let alone talk in such a hard rough manner. As soon as I removed my hand I felt the back of his come hard against my face. He screamed to me that if I ever disobeyed him again I would get a lashing I would never forget. He grabbed my arm and placed my hand on his swollen cock. He told me right then and there that he was going to teach me how to service a real man before the camping trip was over. He slowly unzipped his fly, exposing his hard cock. It came out of his pants like a coiled rattle snake ready to strike. Sticking out straight in front of his massive body. He ordered me to strip and then to lay over his right leg with my face near his cock. It was like I was a five year old child again, playing poney. I could feel the cold rough leather on my naked crotch. The boot laces digging into my soft flesh. My face could feel the heat from his large cock. He ordered me to watch a man's cock, how the skin moved up and over the big red head. Boy look how that piss shute

opens and closes as I pull on my skin. My nose could smell his man sweat that was mixed with stale piss and pre-cum. Then the big order came, kiss your daddy's cock boy. When I didn't respond I felt his boot on my balls and cock, inching me forward closer and closer to the tip of his cock until my lips were brushing the large head. I could feel the sticky fluid that was coming out of his piss shute on my clenched lips. I puckered my lips, shut my eyes real tight and gave Daddy's dick a quick kiss. With a swift yank of his booted foot in my crotch I opened my mouth to suck in air. At that moment Dad's cock head entered my mouth. I gaged and tried to get the big thing out of my small boy mouth. Dad had his massive arms around my neck forcing my mouth farther down on his big tool. As he forced my little mouth to expand he screamed at he how he watched me look at him. As my teeth would scrape his tender cock head Dad would let me have it with his boot. Use you God Damn tongue he would scream at the top of his voice. Only the birds and trees to hear my muffled screams. With one hand he held my head in place as he forced fucked my virgin mouth. With each and every plunge of his cock into my mouth I felt his boot move on my hard and now sore dick. It wasn't long before I shot my load on Dad's logger boot. Shortly after that I got my first taste of my Dad's cum. I choked and tried to spit it out but Dad held me in place until I swallowed every drop of his spunk.

After he came he kicked me off his leg using his free boot. It didn't take him long to notice the kids cum all over his boot. Dad grabbed me and by the scruff of my neck forced my face on his dirty boot. Lick that shit off boy he demanded. That night I learned to suck cock and to lick boots.

The next winter my mother died trying to give birth to my baby brother. Nighter lived. The next eight years were spent servicing my dad and his boots. He really turned me into a bootlicking, cock sucking, piss drinking logger slave.

The year I entered college Dad and I had our last camping trip together. After three nights of having his boots tied to my nuts he told me that this would be our last trip together. Tears formed in my eyes as he told me it was time for me to find my own son. My dad and master left this earth two years later.

LOSE YOURSELF TO FIND YOURSELF, WRITE TO ROBERT PAYNE.

The only problem I have now is that dad trained me to service, not to be serviced. I long for the taste of cold dirty leather of a man's boot on my lips, the feel of a hot stream of golden piss and a cock down in my mouth.

I need men who like to be serviced and their boots cleaned. I will lick and clean any type of boot, suck a man's cock until he wants no more and drink as much piss as he can give. I am not into the heavy trip of S/M, just the humiliation. I ask for nothing in return. My fantasy is to lick the dirt off of a cop's boots.

I follow in my father's footsteps. I am 6'3" tall, W/M, 185 lbs., hairy body, 46" chest and 34" waist.

I really need a Dad.

K.O.

Columbus, OH



MY 'DADDY' LIKES MY PRICK HARD

I guess you could call our relationship similar to a father/son arrangement. My "Daddy" was the first man I really had sex with. Oh, I had played around some with classmates and survived a school initiation or two. But for a real anything-goes situation, it was with the man I am now still with. Ever since we met while I was in high school he has been calling the shots in my life.

I wanted to drop out of school and he refused to let me. My real father is long gone and my mother couldn't care less. I guess she knows about our relationship but since I am out of her hair she hasn't given me any trouble. I think she was actually interested in Rod until she decided he liked men, God, he could have been my real father (by marriage, of course). But that wouldn't have made him any more a Dad to me than he is right now.

I guess I had wanted some discipline and structure in my life all along. I'm sure I wasn't looking for anyone quite as strict as Rod, though. I guess he had

his work all cut out for him. I was in my awkward period, you might even say that I had a couple of feminine qualities. Boy did Rod pry me out of that.

I guess he wanted his son to be the boy next door type, you know, the kid who rides a bike and delivers the papers. Sort of a Huckleberry Finn, barefoot with fishing pole and a baseball cap on. That first year I spent plenty of time in Rod's version of the woodshed. He would take me down to the basement and lay a razor strap across my bare ass while I cried and begged and promised.

He dressed me in, not jeans like the other guys, but big overalls. He would pick me up after school and when I would get in the car I would take off my shirt and shoes and socks. That is how he wanted me. When we got home the overalls would have to go too. I had my chores to do while he went back to his office. Then when he came home for the evening, he would fix dinner and I would clean up the kitchen and the table. The routine is pretty much the same today except that I also do the cooking now. He taught me and taught me well.

My naked form in the kitchen is a lot stockier than it was then. The months of athletics and weightlifting show. I have gotten used to being naked most of the time, out of necessity mostly. When I would sit on his lap in the evening and he noticed my hair growing on my chest and belly, he took me in the bathroom and shaved me. "His boy was growing up too fast," he said. But now that my dick is almost as big as his and my chest and belly are covered with hair, he simply keeps my ass and crotch shaved and merely clips the hair on me between my pecs.

He masturbates me once a week, usually while I am sitting on his lap and that is the only time I am allowed relief. My big hard dong amuses him and while I have never been allowed to fuck anyone (other than his hand), I sometimes like to imagine being allowed to stick it between the cheeks of my father's ass. I am glad he doesn't know about it or I really would get taken to the 'shed' for sure. He thinks it is amusing that my prick is always hard when we are together and tells me that too much self-abuse is bad for a growing boy. I am just as glad that all of my attention is focused on my dad's cock and that my enjoyment comes from using his and not mine.

Illustrations of these Sons of DRUMMER Daddies are by Leo and are available as greeting cards direct from the artist. Write to: 4920 1/2 Bienville Ave., New Orleans, LA 70119.

I WAS A GIFT TO MY NEW DADDY

The guy I belong to is over twice as old as I. If you want to know how I met him, I didn't. I was given to him. That's right. I had been living with another guy about the same age when I came out to the west coast. This guy was a professional masseur who was teaching me the ropes. He also did a little out-call hustling and said he was going to show me how to handle that too. He gave great rub-downs and used my ass pretty often. That was his thing. He had a really thick cock and liked to screw tight ass. I guess I had one of the tightest, but it was a place to stay and like I said, he gave great rub downs. I didn't have any bread to go out with girls, no car and I was pretty young too. Just a dumb farm boy from the midwest that wanted to see Hollywood and get away from the snow.

To make a long story short, my friend found another kid that he liked better. The kid was parking cars at the restaurant down the street and he also needed a place to stay. So in he moves and I sleep on the couch.

Then one day my masseur friend takes me over to a friend of his that lives in the hills. The guy looks me over in a strange way and says he wants "to check me out." He takes me downstairs, tells me to take off my clothes. By now I know that I am about to lose my happy home so I do what this cat says. I strip and he tells me to turn around. He feels my well-used (but still tight) ass and runs his hand over my legs and back. He turns me around again and feels my nipples, my belly, like he expected to find me pregnant or something. He squeezes my balls — hard and I just look straight at him. I have a good solid body, nothing to be ashamed of. If a guy wants to check me out before he lets me move in, he can feel free.

So I got dumped there and my training began. I was to call the new dude "Dad" or "Sir" and nothing else.



A.F.
Denver, CO

R.B.
Los Angeles, CA



A HISTORY OF FORESKIN

by Bud Berkeley

part II

The Fabulous Fifties! The golden era of the All American Boy! Clean of hair, clean of jaw and clean of penis. Pillcocks were out. Doctor Spock was in, advocating universal circumcision for boys "because it makes them feel regular."

Circumcision tools became big business for surgical supply companies. One gadget was advertised as a "self-circumcision kit," another was a set of "anti-circumcision rings." The rings supposedly gave all the "benefits" of circumcision without the pain of surgery. Worn by youngsters much as they would wear braces on their teeth, the rings were rolled down the head of the penis until the foreskin was secured behind the glans. The theory was that the glans would expand once the restriction of the foreskin was eliminated, permanently trapping the foreskin behind it.

One farm-raised man recalls his childhood with the rings: "My new stepfather fit the rings on me when I was 12 and I was able to stop using them about a year later. My foreskin doesn't move forward to this day unless I tug at it. My older brother wasn't so lucky. He was 16 when he was fitted and I guess it was too late. We did everything to make his cockhead get fatter, but everytime we took the rings off, his old foreskin would just roll on over. He wore the rings right up until the time he joined the Marines. They solved his problem in Korea when they circumcised him clean."

Americans in Korea, mostly born in the early 30's, were the last large generation of uncircumcised men. Once again military doctors went to work. Recalls one ex-medic, "It was our policy to circumcise all men who reported with VD, even though penicillin had made the problem of VD easier to handle. We circumcised them after they had been cured, of course." He remembered one young man who wrote home

but did not want to admit his problem to his wife, "I am in the hospital with a virus. I've got a surprise for you. All the doctors here are Jewish so they circumcised me."

Another man recalls a terribly cold winter at the front when men did anything to go back to Seoul or Tokyo, if only for a few days. Busloads of men would volunteer for circumcision, just to get away.

The enemy trimmed POW foreskins as well. One such incident was reported in *Vector* magazine, "I was a POW held captive in a remote village in North Korea. I was the only POW there and many of the villagers had never seen a Caucasian before. I was the object of great curiosity and nightly I was taken to the men's club and put on view. People from nearby villages came to take a look at me. Then one night they began snipping off small pieces of my foreskin and keeping them as souvenirs. As new guests arrived on subsequent nights they snipped more off. My dick was sore and swollen and I was getting desperate because only about a third of my foreskin was left. I killed a guard and escaped—before they ran out of foreskin."

Back home, Americans with prepuces became unique. There was humiliation in public showers and the trauma of being different. Uncircumcised boys were given to all the guilt complexes of any minority group. These guilts often became erotic fantasies about being circumcised. Emergency wards treated more than one teenager who messed up a self-circumcision attempt. Lovers and wives were demanding, "Get rid of it!" High school coaches were lecturing on "hygiene." Oh what a wonderful era! Everyone agreed about everything. And by 1960, 93% of American penises conformed.

But there were rumblings amid all the rapturous conformity of the Fifties. True, there was overwhelming medical "evidence" that circumcision was necessary. It stopped penile cancer, cervix cancer, premature ejaculation, phimosis, "bad smells." Some "experts" even said it prevented homosexuality. (Remember Spock? "It makes them feel regular.") The most touted reason for infant circumcision was that it might as well be done now when it wouldn't hurt rather than later in the Army when it would. Americans found circumcised penises "prettier" and certainly they wanted junior to look like daddy.

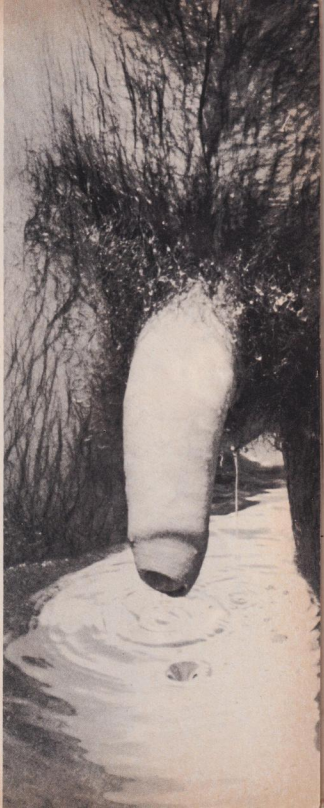
Well, while all American penises should have looked alike, few did. Too many weren't pretty at all! Routine circumcision was too often done hastily and without concern for the aesthetics of the results. Sometimes it was done by paramedics. The All American clipcock, instead of being clean cut, was a smorgasboard of partial circumcisions, overly-aggressive circumcisions, scar tissue, sliced-open urethras, crooked rings (circumcision scars) and unhealed severed nerve endings. Slop Jobs, plus an increasing number of malpractice suits and infant deaths, brought out a few daring anti-circumcision activists. Air Force medical officer, Capt. E. Noel Preston, wrote a widely circulated article lambasting neonatal circumcision and was soundly rapped by the medical establishment. However, his sickening description of a child screaming, vomiting and defecating while being circumcised caught the attention of many young mothers. For the first time, psychologists undertook studies to determine what circumcision was doing to the American male. Dr. Kinsey was at work on one such study at the time of his death. Even the CIA, disturbed by the castration complex in the American libido, did its own secret study. Perhaps it wasn't too late for the American foreskin.

Then came Vietnam! This time, instead of entrenching our social patterns, war brought a general disaffection, a questioning. Among other things, the human rights of GIs were finally being considered. Amazingly, there were still a few prepuces distributed among our troops. Reports Leo Rosenhouse, "During the recent Vietnam conflict, one major US hospital outpatient clinic in Denang found that too many GIs were getting balanitis, an inflammation of the glans which is painful enough to incapacitate the man and take him out of the firing line. While these soldiers in South Vietnam listened to morning pep talks on personal hygiene and did wash their genitals daily, the prostitutes they saw outside the camp cared little for cleanliness. Desperate about the number of men on sick call, the Base Surgeon issued an order saying that men reporting ill more than once with a swollen penis would have their foreskins studied and given circumcisions when indicated. The order almost caused a riot! The promiscuous soldiers regarded pending circumcision as akin to castration. A good percentage temporarily solved their problem by going AWOL and then ending up in the stockade. It took several lectures by a psychiatrist to bring the recalcitrant men around. Still, there were holdouts and they were not allowed to go on leave during the remainder of their tour in the area and these men avoided losing their skins by becoming celebrate. It was quite a price to pay to retain their beloved foreskins."

III. OUR SEARCH FOR THE 'NATURAL' AND THE COMING OF THE LASER BEAM

The Seventies turned attitudes on the prepuce around. Some people liked what they saw. Doctors spoke up at medical conventions and medical journals published anti-circumcision articles. The medical profession now admitted that neonatal circumcision was a "cultural decision" and not a medical one. Dr. Spock even reversed his opinion that "it makes them feel regular" to "leave the penis alone!"

Pediatricians voted to not recommend routine circumcision. Laymen organized grass-roots groups such as INTACT for the purpose of mailing anti-circumcision literature to young parents. And on July 4, 1976, a nationwide club of uncircumcised men, and their admirers, formed in San Francisco. Named the Uncircumcised Society of America (USA), the club quickly grew to over 3,000 members—men from all walks of life, 14 to 88, married, single, circumcised and uncir-





circumcised. Membership was requested by women and by people in Canada, Australia, New Zealand and England. Meetings were held during which men expressed the pros and cons of circumcision and revealed their own experiences with circumcisers...and foreskins. The USA was swamped with correspondence from people who had strong, deeply personal feelings they had kept secret.

Another man wrote, "I threatened our doctor with a lawsuit if our baby son was circumcised. I wasn't going to allow my son to go through life without the pleasure a foreskin can give. I should know. I lost mine in the Army during my twenties." Another: "I am considering a circumcision because I have compulsive fantasies about being circumcised by other men, and these fantasies are interfering with my marital relations. I hope they cease after my circumcision." A woman: "My fiancé is very sadistic towards me during love-making and I have reason to believe he hates all women because his mother had him circumcised when he was 16, just after his father died." A man: "I was circumcised at birth and, even though I am not gay, other men's foreskins remain one of the most intriguing mysteries of my life."

"I was the only uncircumcised cadet at my military academy and they teased the hell out of me. They would sneak up behind me in the showers and grab my foreskin and pull it between my legs yelling, 'When are they going to dock your tail?' I would have given anything if my dick was circumcised too, but I was too embarrassed to discuss it with my parents. Besides, I wasn't about to give those brats the satisfaction! Now I think I've had the last laugh."

"As we pissed together along side the highway, the trucker who gave me a lift said, 'Don't ever let them cut off that roll!'"

"I was circumcised when I was 36 and it definitely revived my sex life."

"I am an English woman living in Los Angeles. Where can I find unmutated men?"

"I would love to watch someone getting circumcised!"

"I am English, but when I was in the British Army I was sequestered with an American unit. I was so taken by the streamlined beauty of the All American circumcised penis I decided I must get circumcised. I looked over London for a doctor who would do it, but most refused. Then I found one who specialized in it and he did a marvellous job. I am very proud of it."

"I was having problems being uncircumcised and considering circumcision when I received the USA material. I read it a hundred times, no less. Suddenly a tremendous burden was lifted from me. I was no longer ashamed of my foreskin. I started to experiment with it and found it to be a hidden treasure of eroticism. Now, I am proud of being uncircumcised!"

Young parents and doctors in the natural childbirth movement also raised their voices in the Seventies. As a result of the widely read book, *Birth Without Violence* by Dr. Frederick LeBoyer, many Americans demanded more thoughtful maternity care in hospitals. Others were opting for home deliveries with experienced mid-wives.

In his book *Magical Child*, Joseph Chilton Pearce writes, "Consider now the male child.... In nearly all cases the doctor circumcises the male infant on the second or third day of life. They cut the foreskin of his penis, nearly always without anesthetic. After all, the infant—suffering excessive birth stress, in a state of shock, and all too often a crippled reticular formation—seems to be a vegetable, so why not treat him as one? And this is just one more of those massively negative learnings etching into that new brain-body system. I can only dare parents, if they are going to allow this criminal act, to demand to be allowed to watch the performance. Ask your doctor, though, and he will scathingly dismiss criticisms, reassuring you that it is perfectly all right, and make you feel stupid for asking. But remember that the practice is a recent edition of our century's atrocities committed on children; bear in mind the growing incidence of sexual inadequacies and dysfunctions; remember that 80% of all crib deaths are male infants."

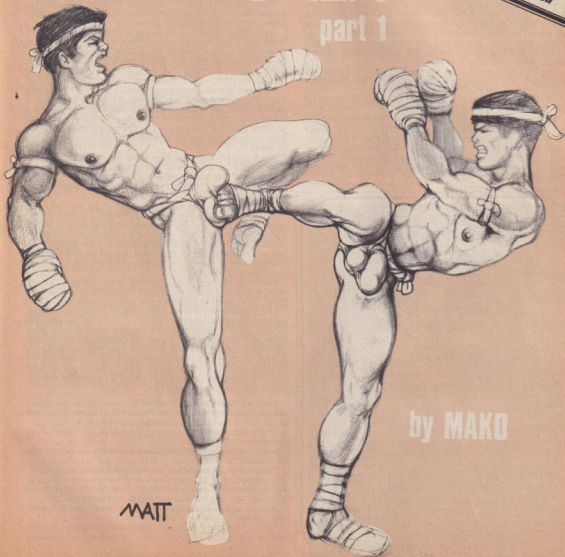
By the Eighties, there had been a total reversal in foreskin

(Continued on page 80)

BONUS BOOK SECTION
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KICKBOXER

part 1



by MAKO

MATT

"I must teach a class," he told me, stepping back and appraising. "But I'll have time to help you soon."

He turned the shower on, laughing as I gaped at the cold spray, walked out and paused at the door.

"You should be a vegetarian," he said. "Your sweat and fecal matter didn't stink so bad when you were."

Then he left. Bobby came over, turned the water warm, stood me up and licked me clean. We were both quiet and had to leave much too soon because the afternoon class was beginning.

We were dressed and upstairs when the first of the group arrived.

"Hey, Mako," one of the salesmen or whatever called in greeting and I smiled back, just a friendly attraction for Sensei.

They call me Mako after the shark. I went shark fishing the day before a match once and someone told a local newsman who thought my style was sharklike; my side to side tearing with hooks and round kicks until I get a piece of whatever is in front of me.

The Sensei came out of his office in his gi, his black belt worn to threads over the long years since he first earned it. He showed no sign of what had happened downstairs, just looked out at his class.

"So," he said. "You done with this?" he gestured towards the ring with mock disdain.

"Yes, Sensei," I said, clenching my ass as if he were still within.

"Good, good," he said. "Perhaps you can work on kata." I just watched him walk. He carried himself with bearing, dignity. I got into few fights because of my reputation. He gets into none because of his aura.

"My Master," I told Bobby, my cock tightening just at the wonder of it.

"But will John be your slave?" Bobby had the impudence to ask.

Bobby went to his dance studio in the evening and I

returned to the dojo. I got home first, stripped and lay on the bed letting the evening breeze play upon me as I waited for him. My ass was still sore and thinking of Sensei made my cock start and my mind turn towards the phone, hoping he'd call for me.

But it was Bobby I heard, parking his bike and then walking on the kitchen floor to the downstairs closet where he stripped and hung his clothes before coming up to me.

I rolled onto my belly and paid him no attention as he worked slowly, swirling it about as he bathed me. I let my thoughts drift, I was going to be rough on him soon; for now it was good to be gentle.

I drifted back when he reached my asshole, clenched his tongue inside and he held still.

"Can you taste Sensei?" I asked, releasing his tongue and feeling him slowly slide it out, the tip tickling.

"Yes, Sir," he lied and got back into it until I rolled over and he started the teasing process again, working towards my cock as he had done towards my ass.

I smiled, thinking of the session to come, wanting to be purely mean but knowing it would come in its own time. Now was a time for gathering mind, body, and spirit into one unit about to strike.

He got to my cock and I only let him have it a few moments before slapping him off and getting up. He dressed me in my kimono and we went downstairs to meditate, then drank tea and discussed the day.

I admired the tea cup's glaze and the warmth of the tea and then set it down, concentrating on the beauty of the moment; the heat of the furnace had perfected the glaze, the heat of the stove had released the tea, the heat of the session would perfect the slave. Bobby was watching me expectantly, knowing me well enough to know what I was about but not knowing when it was going to happen.

I narrowed my eyes slightly and tensed my nose as Musashi directed and waited for his blink; it came and my hand

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slapped hard against his cheek before he saw it coming. "Punk!" I spit at him, yanking him onto his belly, dragging him across the floor away from the tea area, putting my knee into his back, arching his head up with a handful of hair and slapping his head from side to side. "Where's this attitude from? Those thoughts you placed above your arse? Those daydreams? Fucking slave!"

At first he tried to duck my slaps, groaning and pulling at his hair but then he gave in to them. I jumped up off him, grabbed a belt from the wall and worked at him; building myself up with the growing intensity of the swats as he began to groan and whine at some good shots that brought out welts. His ass was brightly mottled, twitching between shots; his breath hard pants turning towards lust.

I grabbed him under one arm and the opposite leg and jerked him, half-carried, half-dragged him to a heavy arm chair, lifted him higher, shook him to watch his hard cock and balls shake, then threw him down over the back of it; slapped his ass as he repositioned himself, grabbed his hair again, forced his head back; jammed my cock in, fucked his mouth a few moments as we both caught our breath and then yanked it out.

"Don't move, piece of shit." I told him. I fetched rawhide and bound his hands to the chair's front legs, pulling each hand down to accentuate his arch but slapping his thighs and checking the tension on his hamstrings to be sure he wouldn't cramp; then tied his legs nice and wide to the back legs and stepped back to admire the view.

Two bruised globes were the apex of a taut flesh pyramid; two hairless globes spread to reveal the pink asshole contracting in his excitement. I reached under, pulled his cock back out and down the back of the chair; went to the closet for a cock and ball harness, circled his cock, spread his balls and tugged them down a bit more.

Bobby groaned and it earned him a fresh series of slaps upon each of his cheeks.

"Damn it," I cursed. "Shut up and let me enjoy this in

peace..."

"I'm sorr..." he started by reflex and then stopped, tensing as I grabbed the belt up from the floor and really began to lay into him, working him from knees to shoulders.

"Shut up!" I yelled, felt myself cooling after the first flurry and worked myself back up. "Now you're marked, can't shower in public. Now I'll have to put your stinking ass in the back of the truck after workouts and will have to drive home without any mouth on my cock."

I went to the closet and chose a blindfold, ball-gag and ear plugs. I applied them roughly, he took them passively.

"Now get lost in your world," I whispered before putting the last plug in. "You're a corpse floating in the eddy of an eternal pool; the shark will bite, counter by accepting."

I screwed the ear plug in, poured myself the last of the tea, readjusted my kimono, and sat watching him; giving him time to get lost; to give up anticipation and just feel.

I sat maybe five minutes and then walked to the freezer and took out the rubber mold I had cast over a six inch dildo and now used to freeze water into ice-cocks. I pulled the mold off and found only a few imperfections in the ice which I smoothed out with the heat of my hand, coating the cock with water as I took it to Bobby.

He didn't sense me, lay in his ropes, his breathing at a steady pace. I shared the feeling with him, remembering the constant stimulation of waiting expectantly, every nerve seeking the stimulation to come: pain or pleasure, hot or cold, sweet or bitter? No wonder his cock was still hard, its tip wet; as was mine.

I pulled his cheeks further apart and forced the ice in; he jerked from it, the chair hopping once, his ass shaking. The dildo still protruded a bit, I forced it flush with my index finger and tied it in with a kimono sash; parting his buttocks with it; tying it in.

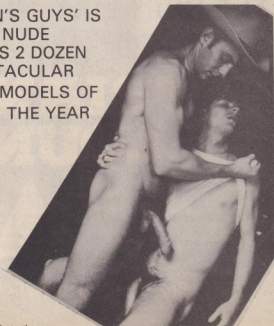
He was pretty that way. Sweat was already breaking out along his backbone and he was gasping for breath around the gag. I went and fried up some shrimp and rice; held the plate

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... I drifted in the warmth of the water feeling his hands loosening my muscles, his tongue at my throat, pits, ass and cock; feeling his curly hair in my hands for seconds and then it was gone; lost to the weight of my cock, its dripping of precome, its domination of my world until my private little world was cracked wide open by a slap alongside my head that knocked me clean from the warmth of the water and the gentleness of Bobby to cold air and hard tile.

under his nose so he knew I was eating. Bobby was thinking only on the cold, trying to think it into ending. Food didn't matter in the world he was locked into.

I walked behind him, concentrating on the dangling weight of my cock as it grew harder, posing for myself with my cock at the opening to his guts.

"I'll fuck the cold out of you," I promised. "I'll take my pleasure before you even begin to feel..."

"Beat me master," he slobbered. "Warm me first."

But I just drove into him, into the tightness that was cold. He pushed at me, trying to make me reach deeper. His asshole clutched at me, trying to feel through the numbness. He slobbered and panted but could not feel me as I worked his ass, felt him upon me. When he began to respond I stopped thrusting and made him push himself onto me and pull himself off; watched his back muscles and shoulders straining against the bindings and then I pulled from him; laughed as he thrust back into space.

"Too much pleasure, punk." I laughed at him, then walked to his head, raised it up and slowly pushed my cock in. The ice in his mouth brought my entire shaft to life; I could tell instantly how much was inside him by the coolness outside him and he was so starved for pleasure that his tongue and

throat worked feverishly to swallow all of me. I was connected to a great pleasurable vacuum trying to pull my very soul into him and I fought it until I could no longer and exploded into him, renewing him with my strength.

His breathing slowed, the ice water and come dripped from the corner of his mouth. I took the blindfold off but he just stared blankly. I untied him but he just lay in position until I lifted him up, kissed him, and pushed him down on all fours before my chair, rested my feet on this beloved footstool and just sat contentedly. I could have sat there all day but knew he couldn't; knew that the water was loosening his shit and that a good slave like Bobby would stay in position until I released him even if it meant shitting on himself.

"Get your ass to the bathroom," I ordered, kicking him to start him on his way and watching his quivering ass and thighs as he crawled.

I did a few kata to regain control and give time for the air freshener in the bathroom to do its job. I felt the Sensei watching, looking for faults to correct. A long chain of masters, myself a minute link above infinite links and below infinite links, the chain a circle without beginning or end.

Then I went to help Bobby perfect his position a bit better.

CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE

TRIANGLE LOUNGE



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Dear Larry,

Leather is the biggest turn on in the world, for me, and if I could I would wear it all the time, at work and every place else. I have several outfits, with pants and chaps and jackets. I recently had a custom set made, with brown leather pants and vest. I thought it looked great, and the leather smell was even stronger than the black leathers. But when I wore it to a couple of bars, the other leather guys acted as if I had come in wearing a dress! I can't understand this. To me leather is leather. What do you think?

Carl,
Chicago

Dear Carl,

There is a peculiar prejudice against brown leather, or really against any other color than black. Some time ago, maybe ten years, before the leather community became as large or as formalized as it is (or is becoming), brown leather was considered an M form of attire. I have also seen guys wear it as part of a cowboy outfit, and not seem out of place. I guess it is regarded more or less as an affectation, and your area has become very SM conscious. I can't really explain the reason for it; I just know it is the way it is. I wouldn't get rid of your outfit, however; just hang it up in a corner of your closet and try not to gain or lose so much weight in the next couple of years that you can't wear it. I expect we will go through a phase at some time along the way, when brown will be "in," and when that happens you will be ahead of the game.

Dear Larry,

I have noticed that Drummer, as well as some other publications have been doing pieces lately on "cigar smoking tops," and this really disturbs me. I am exclusively M, and I have a very active sex life. I don't really have any strong feelings about dope usage, unless my top were to get really spaced out (which, so far, none of them have, thank God), but I am really up tight about people smoking tobacco around me. Cigarettes are bad enough, but now some of these guys think it's the "in" thing to smoke cigars during a session — even playing games like "I'm going to brand you with my cigar," although none ever actually has. Don't you think that I have a right to set this as one of my limits, that is, that I should be able to demand that my "Master" not blow smoke, particularly cigar smoke, in my face? Please don't identify me by name or area. Just sign me:

Smoked Out

THE LEATHER NOTEBOOK

By Larry Townsend

Dear Smoked,

I agree with you in part. That is to say, I recognize the aversion that some people have to tobacco smoke, and under normal circumstances I think it is their right to be protected from this within reasonable limits. The statistics that I have seen indicate that prolonged exposure, even to other people's smoke, can have harmful effects upon a person's health. On the other hand, unless you are living a major portion of your life in someone's dungeon, your exposure to smoke during your occasional sessions is not going to amount to very much, certainly not enough to do you any permanent harm. If it were the top complaining about his slave wanting to smoke at every opportunity, I would say that it is definitely his right to call a halt. As an M, I really feel that you have no much recourse, except that you might let your top know that you find it a "turn off." If he knows this, he may stop on his own, whereas he may not be as quick to do so if you demand it. I think the cigar thing is really just a passing fancy, anyway. You will probably outlive it.

Dear Larry,

I have read your things and other people's things, extolling the beauty of an uncult cock. I think it is all a lot of bullshit. I am circumcised, and I much prefer that my partner also be cut. I don't see any beauty in a piece of turkey wattle hanging down from some guy's dick, usually smelling of whatever they call that stuff that gathers underneath it. Give me a nice, clean piece of meat any day! Are you guys just saying this because you haven't got the guts to go through a circumcision yourselves? Or haven't you got any skin?

Cut and proud,
Cleveland

Dear Cut,

As the old saying went, "Everybody to his own taste," and I think that referred to a lady who liked to kiss her cow. The material you find so distasteful is called "smegma." Some guys love it; others, like yourself, do not. Such is the way of the world. I have never maintained that there is any particular advantage in being one way or the other, except that I happen to find the sight of an uncult cock to be pleasing. The foreskin is also a fun thing to play with; at least it is for me and for a lot of other people. I have to admit that in the survey I am doing for the Leatherman's Handbook II, the questionnaire responses are running more or less in your favor, i.e., most guys are indicating that they don't care one way or the other, with those expressing a preference indicating that they would rather have it cut. Not all the figures are in, yet, but I don't expect that the percentage will change very much.

Dear Larry:

From time to time I have noticed guys in the bars, wearing a big patch on the back of their leather jackets: "HELLFIRE CLUB, ASSOCIATE." I understand that this is a very exclusive group, but I've also heard that it is both a gay and a straight club, but that anybody involved with it is pretty heavy, probably too heavy for me. Can you tell me something about them?

(Name withheld)
San Francisco

Dear Nameless,

The Hellfire Club of Chicago, which issues the patches you have seen, is very much of a gay club. It is also a group of men who are devoted to doing SM the right way, and with all the safety precautions observed. Even if they get heavy, they should be safety oriented. They also tend to play by the rules, so I should expect you to be safer with one of them than with the average "unknown" you might find in a bar. There is another club which took the name "Hellfire," this one in New York City, and it is mixed — both het and gay. It also seems to be a pretty good organization, and oriented much the same way as the Chicago club. They do not have the large overlays, as far as I know, but I did see some of their T-shirts when I was in NYC. If you come across one of their gay members in your local bar, I would also expect that you would do well to try a stint with him. The name Hellfire, of course, comes from the old English sect that had its greatest popularity around the turn of the 18th-19th centuries, so there isn't any way to copyright it.



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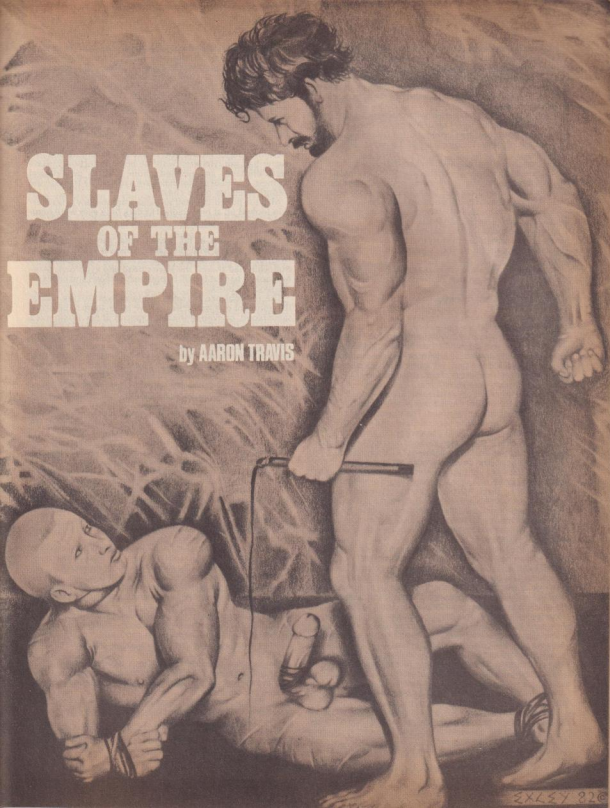
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SLAVES OF THE EMPIRE

by AARON TRAVIS



Magnus pulled his shaft from the slave's mouth. He narrowed his eyes at the waves of pleasure that filled through his groin. He looked down at his sex. The bloated shaft glistened wetly with the boy's saliva, still heavy with blood, still jerking slightly in the aftermath of his orgasm. A bead of liquid apol gathered at the tip, then dropped and hung suspended.

Magnus took the base of the shaft in his hand and smeared the fluid over Eskrill's lips. The slave's mouth hung open as if the savage pounding had unhinged his jaw. His eyes were closed. His eyelids flickered, as if he were asleep and dreaming.

The boy's beauty, even in its ravaged state, was astounding. Magnus' eyes roamed over the slave's shaven head, over the golden choker that circled his neck, down the wide muscles of his shoulders and back. His gaze stopped at the high, round globes of Eskrill's buttocks. The hard, oiled flesh, which had been pale and smooth as porcelain when he began, was now scored with welts.

Magnus looked at the stiff leather crop in his hand. He was hardly able to remember the fury that had overwhelmed him. The marks of pain on the boy's flesh both excited and disturbed him.

He walked to the slave's rear, dragging his fingers through the thick coating of oil that blurred the contours of Eskrill's back. The muscles, knotted with pain, shivered at his touch.

Magnus traced his fingertips over the welts. Eskrill hissed in response. Magnus tugged sharply at the tail of leather straps that hung from the slave's ass, connected to the long leather shaft hidden deep in his bowels. Eskrill sobbed.

Unthinking, mesmerized, Magnus lifted the crop and let it fall with a light slap across the beaten flesh. Eskrill made no sound, but all through his body muscles tightened: the tendons of his neck drew taut, his limbs and back became like stone, his bound hands and feet curled into claws.

"Are all Romans monsters?"

The quiet, heavily accented voice intruded into the low backdrop of noise from the flaming brazier. Magnus turned slowly, surprised but not alarmed. The stupor of sex and wine had for a time driven the second slave, the twin, from his mind. The boy, after all, was somewhere in the room.

Standing so near the flames, his eyes dazzled by the reflection of the fire as it danced across Eskrill's naked and oiled body, Magnus at first could see nothing in the surrounding darkness. Then the dimness lightened by degrees, and the first thing Magnus was able to discern was his own reflection in the polished black marble of the nearest wall.

The gladiator saw himself: a tall and powerful man, naked, his staff almost erect, a leather crop dangling from his fist. He saw the shimmering prostrate body below him: hairless and glistening, unspeakably beautiful, subdued by bindings of hide and yellow gold.

"He is not a thing. He is a man. He was a prince. For all that the madman has done to him, he is still a man."

The youthful voice called Magnus away from his own reflection. The gloom had lifted from the cellar. He could even make out the subtle shadows cast by the moonlight from the grill that ran high across one wall, and opened onto the grazing area of the stables above. The shadows of the close-set bars and of the cropped blades of grass between were cast, grotesquely magnified, across the stone floor.

The second slave sat huddled against one wall. His body was spangled by moonlight and shadow.

He was naked and bound, like his brother, but his body had not been shaven. The light dusting of hair across his sculptured chest and legs shone bright gold, like the bracelets around his wrists and ankles and throat.

Magnus approached the boy. As he walked, he absently tapped the crop against the calf of his leg.

The slave was blindfolded by a strap of leather wrapped tight around his head. Nevertheless, he looked up at Magnus' approach, as if he wished to study the face of the stranger who had just abused his brother.

"So you are the other one," Magnus said. "The one called Eskrill."

The boy's arms were chained behind him. His ankles were

lashed together. His genitals, like his brother's, were swollen and red, tightly tied at the base with a narrow strip of hide.

His body was identical to his brother's—the same stocky but gracefully shaped limbs, the broad, square shoulders, the exaggerated pectorals like slabs of polished marble. He sat with his back against the wall and his legs outstretched. The folds of flesh across his belly were tucked into flat bands, like cords of steel beneath velvet.

Yet he looked nothing like his brother. Erskin, even bound and blindfolded, was clearly a young man taken in battle, a warrior-prince from the North. The angry set of his jaw and the tense line of his shoulders were proud and defiant. His owner had not tampered with the boy's perfection. Erskin's flesh, unshaven and unoiled, shone with its own natural silkiness. Eddies of golden hair gave a masculine frame to the smooth swellings of his chest.

Magnus pulled the leather band from the boy's head. Erskin looked up at him coldly. His dark blue eyes were luminous and dark, his pupils huge after the darkness of the blindfold.

Magnus sucked in his breath. What games the Senator Marcellus played with his slaves! This was Eskrill's face, as Magnus had seen it that afternoon at the games, before Marcellus had shaved the slave's head and eyebrows. Magnus looked back at Eskrill, bound on his elbows and knees on the wooden block.

The resemblance between the twins was striking, but at that moment one would never have taken them to be of the same blood, or even of the same species or sex. Erskin was a beautiful young prince, stripped and bound. Eskrill had been made into something else altogether—an object of moist openings and slick, warm surfaces, a thing to be prodded, beaten, penetrated. There was something both electrifying and sexless in his appearance, as if he were not a man at all, but a creature forged from molten glass, brought into the world more naked than mortals. His mouth and ass, his nipples and genitals had been magnified by the removal of his hair.

He was a slave, not a man, a piece of property whose use was obvious. Eskrill was what his owner had made him. He was Marcellus' creation.

"You are all monsters," Erskin whispered hoarsely. The young slave still stared at Magnus, insolent and proud.

The boy's words flattened Magnus' lust. They touched a chord of guilt in him. He resented the guilt, but the boy, so serious and so handsome, pleased him nevertheless. Erskin seemed to radiate wholeness and strength—and it was the freshness and health of young men, after all, that Magnus found most attractive, far more than the helpless and pain-racked object that Marcellus had made of Eskrill.

Magnus smiled. "You seem to know considerably more Latin than your master led me to believe."

"I listen well," Erskin said, "and I learn well. What would the madman know. He beats us if he hears us speak. So we never speak before him, and he thinks we know no words."

Magnus touched the boy's face. Erskin flinched, as if he expected to be slapped. His eyes remained wary, but when he felt the gentleness of Magnus' caress, his features softened.

Erskin lowered his face. "Are you done with him?" he said softly. "Have you finished with my brother? Release him and let him rest. He has been given too much cruelty today. Release him and use me, if you have not had enough already."

Magnus was touched by the boy's words. He saw, all at once and together, many things in the boy: devotion, bravery, and the stern resignation to Fate for which the Northern races were famous.

He stroked the boy's cheek, smooth as burnished silk. Erskin pressed his face against the callused hand in response. He trembled.

Magnus cupped the slave's chin in his hand and turned his face up. Erskin's eyes were moist. He bit his lip, as if the pain could stop the unwanted tears.

"Is it as awful as that?" Magnus asked.

Erskin caught a sob in his throat. "You cannot imagine it."

Magnus looked over his shoulder at the boy's twin. "I can," he said.

He knelt, hooked his hands under Erskin's arms, and pulled him to his feet.

The boy was short; his face came only to Magnus' chest. Magnus circled his arms around the boy, not intending to embrace him, only to find and loosen the bindings on Erskin's wrists. But the slave seemed eager to be held. He pressed his cheek against Magnus' chest, nestling his face in the mat of dark, soft hair.

Magnus tightened his hold. The boy slowly moved his hips, rubbing himself against the gladiator's erection.

"The chains around your wrists are locked," Magnus said softly, touching his lips to the boy's forehead.

Erskin looked up at him. His features were no longer agitated. He seemed, at the same time, somber and excited.

"Look on the table, in the corner."

Magnus glanced to his left. The table was a broad slab of black marble atop four brass legs. The surface was crowded with objects, indistinct in the firelight.

He left the boy and crossed the room. The table held bowls of fruit, bread and cheese, skins of wine, bowls of oil, implements of leather, wood and metal. Inside a coil of thin rope, he found a ring of keys.

He released Erskill first. The boy was stupefied, unable to speak. Magnus carried him to a bed of cushions and furs piled high beside the table. He almost dropped the burden; the slave's body was slippery with oil, and heavier than Magnus had thought, weighted with muscle. The twins were short, but their bodies were massively compact.

**"It is so good," he whispered.
"To feel a man inside me again,
and to be able to like it."**

Magnus deposited the boy on his stomach. Erskill hid his face in the pillows, stretched out his arms and legs and shuddered. Magnus turned him onto his side. The boy protested feebly, fearing he would be forced to lie with his beaten ass against the cloth. He watched with half-open eyes as Magnus undid the bindings around his genitals, and sighed with relief when he was freed.

Magnus rolled him back onto his stomach and removed the tail from his ass. He was once again excited by the slave's writhings as the enormous shaft was removed from his bowels, but Magnus restrained himself and, when the head of the manmade staff slid free, he threw it aside.

He crossed the room and removed the bindings from Erskin's ankles and wrists and the strap from around his sex. The boy smiled at him gratefully as he rubbed his hands over the chafed skin around his shaft, then turned his eyes to the table.

Magnus guessed correctly that it was not the implements of torture that the boy stared at, but the food.

"When did you last eat?"

"Midday. A bowl of crushed millet and watered milk." Magnus shook his head in disgust. "Marcellus is a fool. You will waste away on such food. Your skin will turn pasty and spotted as a beggar-boy's. Go ahead. I think I saw some dried beef among the loaves of bread."

There was only one chair beside the table. Magnus allowed the boy to take it and leaned against the table with folded arms to watch him eat.

The boy was priceless. Marcellus might have taught him obedience, but not table manners. He ate like a little barbarian, stuffing the food into his mouth and licking his lips loudly.

The wine had passed out of Magnus' blood. He was sober again, and the red haze had lifted from him. His attack upon Erskill, he decided, had not brought him half the enjoyment of watching Erskin's ravenous attack upon the mountain of food.

After a time, he placed his hand over the boy's grasping fist and took a half-eaten apple from his mouth. "Not so much at once," he warned. "You will make yourself ill."

Erskin nodded. His eyelids were heavy.

"You're sleepy," Magnus said.

The slave nodded again and closed his eyes.

Magnus placed his hand on the boy's shoulder. Erskin flinched, as if he still expected some betrayal. Magnus ran his hand soothingly over the boy's collarbone and down his chest. He cupped the boy's pectoral in his hand and sighed.

"Now you will use me," Erskin said. His voice was flat and bitter.

Magnus rolled the nipple between his fingers, then released it with regret. "No," he said. "Now you will sleep."

Magnus stepped back and motioned to the bed. Erskin looked up at him, still uncertain, then rose from the chair. He went to his brother and knelt beside him. He ran his hands over Erskill's back, touched the welts on his ass and winced in sympathy. Then he lay down beside his brother and held the sleeping boy in his arms.

Their beauty, combined, was immeasurable. Magnus settled himself close by among the furs, not touching the boys, content merely to watch them and lazily stroke his shaft.

He thought that Erskin had fallen asleep, when the boy spoke. His lips were pressed against his brother's shaven skull. His words were a murmur.

"You are not a monster," he said.

Magnus rose onto one elbow, leaned forward, and kissed the boy's ear. He looked at the two of them for a long moment, then rolled onto his back. He soon joined them in sleep, his unspent shaft still nestled softly in his fist.

Later, after the moon had passed her zenith and no longer cast blue light into the cellar, and the brazier burned low, so that the chamber was more full of shadows than light, Magnus awoke.

Erskin was pressed against him, holding Magnus' erection between his thighs. His hand slid slowly over the gladiator's arm, his fingers counting the battle-scars. The boy's hips were pressed against the lean, scalloped ridges of Magnus' belly.

The boy sensed that he was awake and looked up into his eyes.

They made love very slowly and gently, their bodies in complete accord. Magnus held the boy's shaft while Erskin sucked, swallowing and regurgitating the whole mass of Magnus' staff. He sensed the moment when Magnus reached the brink of his climax, and let the long, fat mallet of flesh slide free of his throat and mouth. He straddled Magnus' hips and sat on his shaft.

Magnus took the boy on his back with his legs in the air, on his belly with his ass raised high, standing up with his hands pressed flat on the floor. Erskin knelt before him and took the shaft in his mouth again. The boy's skill took him by surprise, and Magnus came in his throat, long before he might have. An instant later, he felt the slave's warm semen sprayed upon his feet.

Afterwards, they lay apart on the bed and talked. Erskin had not seen the games in the coliseum that afternoon, but his brother had told him of them.

"And what did Erskill say about me?" Magnus asked.

"When he first saw you—when Marcellus sent him to fetch you from the gladiators' quarters—you frightened him. Later, when he saw you fight, you frightened him more. But he said that it might not be so terrible tonight. He said that when you smiled you were not so frightening, and that he thought he saw something good in you."

Magnus grinned. Erskin asked him about his life in the coliseum, and Magnus was happy as always when he was with a young man to tell him about his victories and to explain the origin of each scar on his body.

He showed him the first wound he had received in the arena, a thin, finger-long scar along the inside of his right thigh. Erskin ran his fingers over the faint mark, then up to Magnus' shaft. His eyes became clouded. He moved his face to Magnus' groin and solemnly kissed the head of his shaft. He pressed his cheek against the big, soft mass of Magnus' testicles.

"It is so good," he whispered, "to feel a man inside me

again, and to be able to like it."

Magnus ran his fingers through the boy's hair. "You hate it, with Marcellus?"

"Yes," Magnus felt the slave's face blush hot against his sack. "Most of the time."

"But Marcellus is the only man you have known. He told me you were both virgins when you were given to him."

"No," Erskin's voice became sharp and bitter. "I told you that Marcellus knows nothing. He imagines a thing, and the thing is real for him. Eskrill and I have never had a woman, that is true. Or any other man, before Marcellus, except for each other."

Magnus looked at Erskin, then at his twin, still sleeping only an arm away. He imagined their childhood in the North, raised in the same household, princes, apart from other boys, sleeping in the same bed. Each must have been the most beautiful thing by far that the other had ever seen.

"That is one of his punishments for us," Erskin said, interrupting Magnus' thoughts. "That we may never touch one another. I miss it, feeling Eskrill in me, feeling myself in him." He squeezed Magnus' staff and studied it in the firelight. "We are so small, and you are so big. Are all Romans so big?"

Magnus laughed aloud and shook his head. "And what is Marcellus like?" he asked, suddenly anxious.

Erskin's face darkened. "Perhaps you would not like it, if I told you."

"Tell me," Magnus said. He laughed slightly, to ease the jealousy he already felt. "You mean he is bigger."

"Yes."

Magnus tried to keep the disappointment from his voice. "So much that you can tell it?"

"Magnus, you are like a god between the legs." The boy

had become wary again. His fawning, born of fear, made Magnus ashamed. He lowered his voice, so that Erskin might not hear his irritation.

"And Marcellus?"

"He is a monster. He is unnatural. He makes us bleed with it, sometimes. He strangles us, with half the length. He is like a horse. Really like a horse. One time . . ."

The boy blushed scarlet and hid his face against Magnus' thighs.

"Go on," Magnus said, unable to keep the sternness from his voice.

"One time, he took me up to the stables . . ."

"Go on."

"To the stallion he calls Rex. He made me stroke the horses' shaft until it was erect — to see if I could tell the difference, he said. Then he made me —"

Magnus stared at the beamed ceiling, imagining the scene in the stables above, horrified and excited. "Go on," he groaned.

"Please," Erskin whispered, "don't make me tell the rest. Believe me, you are better by far than Marcellus. When you are in me, there is something perfect and warm, like something divine. With him there is only pain. It is the same, with the other that he brings here to use us."

"The other? Who do you mean?" Magnus' flesh grew hot.

"You must know him. He is a gladiator, like you. Marcellus has brought him here many times. Very tall, and blond. Very cruel. The two of them are just alike."

A wave of nausea passed through Magnus' chest. "Urius," he whispered.

"Yes, that is what Marcellus calls him. Please, I don't want to talk of them anymore. Look: your staff has grown soft. I did not mean to —"

"And your's has grown hard," Magnus growled, looking down between the boy's thighs. "It excites you, remembering it. Urius excites you."

"I hate him," Erskin said. His voice was as cold as Magnus'. Then he looked up, and blanched beneath the gladiator's anger. His body, accustomed to blows, stiffened.

Magnus saw the slave's fear, and relented. He touched Erskin's face to reassure him. The boy relaxed, then smiled warmly.

"Believe me, Magnus, you are the first man, other than my brother, for whom I would gladly do this." He took the gladiator's shaft in his mouth and nursed at it.


Magnus lay stiffly, not touching the boy. As his staff filled with blood, a wave of cold fury eddied through him. He had been bested — not only by Marcellus, but by the man he hated most in the world. He could not bear it. In a flash, he saw the way to drain the madness in him: to wrench the boy's face from his shaft and strike him, to strap him to the block and fill him with pain. To do what he had promised himself to do only a few hours before, beful and debase the two slaves more thoroughly than even Marcellus had managed to do.

A distant part of his mind, far from the madness radiating from his groin, saw the deeper victory already scored. He had won the boy's trust, and perhaps more than that. Magnus was used to more violent and unsuitable victories, but the specialness of what had passed at last caused the anger and jealousy to recede.

The tension left his limbs. He breathed deeply, and seemed to feel his whole mass swallowed and held fast in the soothing heat of Erskin's throat.

Not long after, Eskrill awoke, and by degrees joined in their lovemaking.

Magnus withdrew for a time, and simply watched. The twins' hunger for one another made his head go light. He



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watched as their bodies entwined, slid over one another, shuddered in ecstatic rhythms.

The three of them rested, ate, filled their bellies with wine, clustered together on the bed with their faces closed and talked in whispers. They dozed and awoke, made love again, and slept.

Once, in the gathering darkness — for the fire in the brazier had died from neglect — Magnus thought he heard a noise from the grating above. He looked up, and thought he glimpsed four points of orange light, like eyes reflecting the glow of the fading coals. Then the points of light vanished without a sound.

They might have been wolves, or sheep, sniffing at the bars. Magnus was uncertain whether the eyes had been animal or human — uncertain even if he had seen them at all. Magnus awoke, and knew instantly that he was alone.

His chest and legs were warmed by a beam of sunlight from the grating above. He looked down lazily at his body, striped by the shadows of the iron bars, and at his shaft, which lay swollen and heavy across his belly. He had dreamed of the twins while he slept, and the dreams had been as vivid as the reality of their bodies coiled around him.

He rose, stretched, paused at the table to eat a handful of grapes. He spat the pits into the heap of gray ash that was all that remained of last night's fire.

He found his chiton where he had discarded it upon the floor, and pulled the clinging red silk over his shoulders. He looked about the cellar a final time — at the block of wood where he had beaten Eskrill, the pile of cushions and furs where he had lain with the boys, at the various objects on the table that had gone unused.

He breathed deeply, and filled his nostrils with the smells of sex, sweat and oil. Then he mounted the narrow stone stairway that led to the stables above.

The heavy wooden door was open, but not untended. One of the eunuchs who had bathed him the night before sat beside the doorway, and hurriedly rose to his feet at the sound of Magnus' heavy footsteps.

"You slept well," the eunuch said, dusting straw from the long, sleeveless robe he wore. "I have been waiting for hours. It is almost midday."

"And where are the twins?"

The eunuch shrugged. "My lord came for them early this morning, not long after sunrise. I suppose they are somewhere in the house."

Magnus was relieved. He had thought that the boys might have risen early, found the door unbarred, and attempted to escape. It would have been insanity. With great luck and greater cunning, a slave in the outer provinces might hope to escape his master, but here, so close to Rome, escape was impossible.

The eunuch touched Magnus' arm. His thin fingers looked frail against the broad muscle. "My lord said he wished to see you before you left for the City. He will be in the atrium now. I will show you the way."

Magnus followed the slave out of the stable, through the covered portico and into the great house. It was good that he had the boy to guide him; within the house he was lost, though he had walked the same hallways only hours before. The wine and anticipation had kept him from taking note of the passageways, and the house was even more enormous than he had thought.

The Senator Marcellus was in the atrium, sitting naked on the edge of the warm bath. The second eunuch was in the pool, massaging the senator's feet and legs beneath the water. A thick white towel was draped across Marcellus' loins.

Again, as it had the night before, the strength and rugged beauty of the man's body surprised Magnus. The handsome grimace of Marcellus' face unnerved him. Disgust mingled

with unwanted desire as Magnus dropped his eyes, despite himself, to the towel that concealed Marcellus' sex. The outline beneath the cloth was unclear but not uncertain. It appeared that Erskin had told the truth.

Magnus hoped the interview would be brief. He did not trust himself to hold his temper.

"Join me," Marcellus said, indicating the edge of the pool to his right. Magnus sat on the tiles and let his legs sink into the water. The eunuch who had accompanied him stripped and joined his fellow in the water, and set about massaging Magnus' calves.

Marcellus leaned back on his elbows and lifted his face to the warmth that streamed from the skylight above. Magnus looked at the man's hard, muscled chest and taut belly, and again at the mound concealed beneath the towel. Something shifted under the cloth, and the head of Marcellus' shaft appeared between his thighs, peeking out below the hem. It was dark and smooth as glass, helmet-shaped and almost as large as Magnus' fist.

Magnus sucked in his breath and looked away, into the water below him where the eunuch was kneading his feet with skillful fingers.

"So," Marcellus said, "you have had the twins." He turned his face to Magnus and flashed a condescending smile. "And were they as exciting as you hoped?"

Magnus cleared his throat, growing more uncomfortable with each word the senator spoke. He felt himself pulled between anger and desire, and wanted only to leave. Or better, to be with Erskin again.

"I suppose," he said.

"You sound doubtful. Were they a disappointment? I cannot imagine a more docile — or more beautiful — pair of partners. If they displeased you, I shall punish them."

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"They pleased me very much," Magnus said. He lowered his eyes.

"Would you like one of them for your own?"

Magnus could not control the emotions that passed across his face. He looked at Marcellus, and saw that the senator was watching his reaction closely. He tried to rid his face of expression, not wanting Marcellus to see how deeply the casual offer affected him.

"A gift, Senator?"

"Not exactly." Marcellus sat upright. The exposed fraction of his shaft withdrew from sight beneath the towel. Magnus felt a twinge of regret.

"Yesterday, Magnus, we made a bargain. You would defeat the Nubian, and I would allow you a night with the slaves. Each of us lived up to the agreement, and each of us is a happier man this morning. No?"

Magnus nodded, and tried to tear his eyes from the constant, subtle motions beneath Marcellus' towel. He could have sworn that the man was flexing his shaft under the cloth, and growing larger.

"Today, I have another proposition for you. Much more important, involving much greater stakes. I don't expect an immediate answer. It is something you will have to consider, very carefully. Have you been told who you will be fighting in the coliseum on the next feast day?"

"No."

"Of course not. The games are ten days away and the matches have not been announced. But I happen to know that you have been scheduled to fight..."

"Yes?" Magnus knitted his brows; Marcellus smiled gravely at the gladiator's suspense.

"Think, Magnus. It has been a long time coming. You are both itching to kill the other." The senator's thin, dry laugh grated on Magnus' nerves. "The only reason you have not

fought each other before now is that you are both so valuable. It would be a shame to lose either of you. And of course, the gamemaster wished to wait until the expectations of the mob reached their peak. Yesterday, you both gave extraordinary performances. The time is right. When you meet in the arena ten days from now, the wagering will be very, very heavy."

"Urius," Magnus whispered the name.

"Yes. The young blond god meets the dark, invincible titan. They will be storming the gates of the coliseum to see it. The merchants and beggars alike will wager their last denarii — and most of them will wager on you. Urius is a superb fighter, but the oddsmakers will give the edge to you. Therefore, I will wager on Urius. And Urius will win."

"What? A death match? You expect me to die to line your purse?"

"No one will die. The mobs would riot if either of you were killed. No, I have spoken to the Emperor on this matter, and he agrees. No matter how the fight goes, the verdict will be thumbs-up. The loser will continue his career at the coliseum. And sooner or later, no doubt, there will be a rematch, and a chance for revenge."

Magnus shook his head in disbelief.

"Don't decide now, Magnus. It will be bitter gall, I know, to lose to Urius. But consider: you will have the twin of your choice to soothe you."

"How? I am a slave myself. A slave cannot own a slave."

"You will no longer be a slave. The slave shall only be a gift, to celebrate your freedom. That is what I am offering: to buy your freedom."

"What you ask is impossible." Magnus kicked the eunuch aside and pulled his legs from the water. He glared down at Marcellus.

The senator spoke in a voice that might have cut steel. "Both the boys then, for your own. Think of the favor you would be doing them, if not of the pleasure for yourself. It is only a single fight, Magnus."

"I will leave now, Senator. I will need a horse, for the ride to the City."

"Of course." Marcellus' eyes were like flame. Then he smiled his grim smile. "Tell the old stablemaster to give you the stallion I call Rex."

Magnus' blood turned to ice. He turned his back on the senator and walked to the door, trembling with anger.

"Wait." Marcellus' voice was velvet again, conciliatory and relaxed. "Let Nisi dry himself and show you the way."

"I will find it myself," Magnus said curtly. He paused in the doorway and turned to glare at Marcellus; but the man was no longer looking at him. He looked, instead, at the eunuch in the water. He crooked his finger and pointed to the towel across his loins. The eunuch obediently pulled the cloth aside, and for an instant Magnus glimpsed the monstrous shaft before it was hidden in the boy's throat.

Magnus hurried from the room.

He was blinded by fury and confusion. Soon he was lost among the vast, empty chambers and endless hallways. At last he found a corridor that led to daylight, and emerged into a wooded garden behind the stables.

He paused beneath a tree for a moment to collect his senses. Then he heard a familiar, barking laugh beyond a hedge to his left. Magnus silently parted the foliage. Beyond was a clearing carpeted with grass, where Urius stood naked, bathed in bright sunlight.

Urius stood still; unnaturally still, as if striking a pose. His massive legs were planted far apart, his arms relaxed at his sides. His long blond mane shone like golden silk in the light, his pale chest was dazzling, like carved chrysalis. His shaft, as always, was long and heavy, curving outward and down from his hips.

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Magnus turned his head to see what caused the gladiator's laughter.

A few paces away, facing Urius, was a statue of white marble that mirrored his image in every detail; and kneeling beside the statue, a young artisan in a chiton of Greek design. The sculptor looked hardly old enough to be a master's apprentice. His hair was dark and curly. Scattered beside him, on the grass, were an assortment of chisels and files.

The young artist was a genius, or else his love of his subject had overcome his limitations. The statue captured the cast of Urius body perfectly: the arrogant stance, the cruel, handsome face.

The sculptor had abandoned convention, and duplicated the true dimensions of Urius' shaft. At that moment he was honing the marble phallus with a small file and a polishing cloth. Urius was depicted in his usual state, half-erect. The replica had been executed with a lover's eye for detail, even to the veins that ran down its length.

The young Greek looked from Urius' shaft to the marble shaft. His face was tense with concentration.

Urius stepped closer. His staff began to thicken; it slapped against his thighs as he walked, and rose in the air until the flesh dwarfed the stone.

Urius stepped even closer and crossed his arms across his broad chest. The sculptor clutched the tools in his hands, and stared at the massive column of flesh. He swallowed nervously and looked up at Urius.

"Let me," he whispered.

Urius shook his head gravely and raised his eyebrows. "You have asked me before, Asklepiion. You know the answer: No."

"But the statue is almost done. Perhaps I will not see you again." He looked up at Urius imploringly. The gladiator was silent.

The young Greek returned his eyes to Urius' shaft. The column of flesh jerked. The young man shivered. He dropped his tools. His mouth fell open. He leaned forward and kissed the tip of Urius' rod.

The blond gladiator slapped his face away. He laughed, and began to spank the upturned, open mouth with his shaft.

Magnus withdrew in silence, and hurried to the stables. He wished again that Erskin was at his side.

A few moments later, Marcellus, naked with the white towel across his shoulder, entered the clearing in the garden.

Urius stood beside the statue, smiling broadly. Asklepiion was at his feet, naked. His clothing lay in tatters on the lawn.

The young Greek was crouching between the legs of the statue. His buttocks rested on his heels; his knees were open wide. He was pulling furiously on his own shaft with both hands.

His chest was thrust forward. His head was wrenched back by Urius' fist in his hair. His eyes were open wide, gazing upward at the chiselled torso of the statue. His lips were wrapped around the long curving shaft of marble. He masturbated wildly while Urius held him in place and forced him to suck the thick marble phallus.

The Greek's eyes rolled back, and he caught a glimpse of Marcellus. He frantically tore himself free of the fist in his hair and splayed his body low on the ground to escape the shaft. In his mouth. He snatched his clothing from the grass and ran stumbling toward the house.

Urius threw his head back, laughing.

"I see the statue is almost done," Marcellus said drily.

"The little Greek has been begging to suck my staff since he first began," Urius said. "I told him he would have to settle for the copy, or for nothing."

Marcellus walked to the statue and ran his hands over the sleek design. "Captured forever," he sighed. "He has done well by you. Perhaps you should reward him with something more substantial than this." He took the marble phallus in his hand. The stone was warm and slick where the Greek's mouth had been.

"Why, when you let me use the twins? You're paying him well enough." Urius took the towel from Marcellus' shoulder and mopped the sweat from his forehead and arms. "So. Is that pig Magnus gone yet?"

"Yes."

"Did he take the bait?"

"No."

"I told you he wouldn't."

Marcellus shrugged. "I wanted him to choose his fate of his own free will. Perhaps he will stipp accept the offer. But it appears we shall have to resort to outright crime."

"In the end it will be the same," Urius said. He tossed the towel aside and squeezed his shaft. "The little Greek is a fool to think I would so much as allow him to breathe upon this beauty. When will the twins be ready for me?"

"Let them have an hour more to rest. Magnus certainly didn't exhaust them. I thought his performance last night was pathetic. Which will you want?"

Urius cocked his head and considered. "Eskrill. The shaven one. Bring him to me with the tail between his legs. I want to see him there, kneeling before my statue with the cold, hard marble stuffed down his throat. The hairless boy and the hairless statue."

Marcellus' breath quickened at the idea. His disappointment with Magnus was forgotten for a moment. He reached up and ran his fingers through Urius' long, golden hair, and smiled his grim smile.

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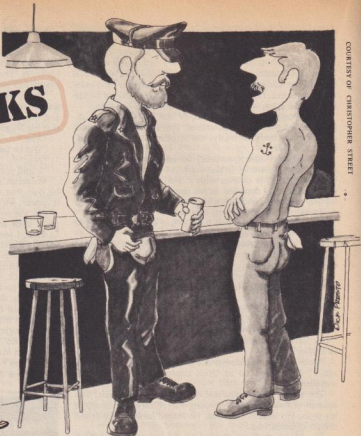


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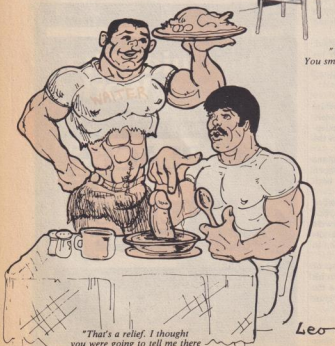
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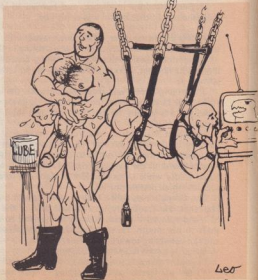


"Would you mind if I stand next to you?
You smell just like the interior of my new Mercedes."



"That's a relief. I thought
you were going to tell me there
was a fly in your soup."

Leo



"You know, I think the excitement's
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LEATHERDOM'S NIGHT OF NIGHTS

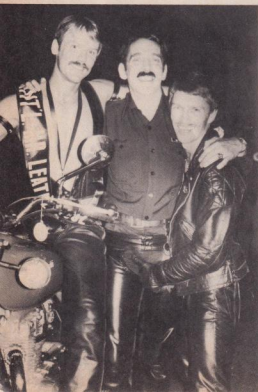
The winter of 81/82 in Chicago had been fucked. After all, hadn't it snowed on Easter Sunday of all things? So you can bet that the first weekend in May found Chicago gripped with two fevers: Spring and Leather. Chicago's leathermen were ready to get down and party. With hundreds of hot and hunky leather brothers from virtually everywhere descending on the Windy City for the 4th Annual International Mr. Leather Contest, a party was assured. And boy, did we party!

For a lot of the participants, the action began on Thursday (May 6) with the Chicago Conference of Clubs' special club night at the internationally-famous Gold Coast. It also gave contestants and participants alike the opportunity to register in advance for the weekend, a wise move, given the extraordinary attendance of this year's Contest.

On Friday the weekend was officially underway and leather was everywhere. That night saw an orgy of events: registration at the Gold Coast, the second San Francisco in Chicago Party (this year sponsored by 13 S.F. and Russian River businesses), a Full Moon Party at Touche's, as well as a private party hosted by Detroit's Outlaw Bar/Rhinoceros Restaurant and S.F.'s own Mr. Marcus. The 37th floor of the Executive House Hotel with balconies overlooking Wacker Drive and Michigan Avenue was the stunning setting for what became the most talked-about private party of the weekend. Not to be overlooked was the registration and reception for the Chicago Knights M.C. and their 11th Anniversary Party at the Redoubt. Two very-correctly attired members of the American Uniform Association served libations to the motorcycle club's members and their guests in a setting that combined the best of the leather tradition with a touch of pure class.

The Friday night events offered everyone the opportunity to renew old acquaintances, form new friendships and liaisons, as well as just groove on one another and that unique bond created by men who appreciate both leather and men.

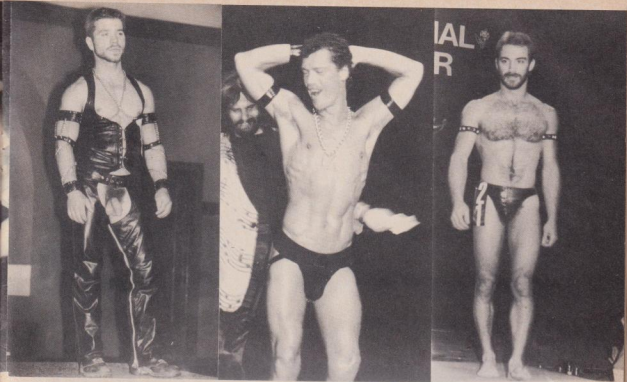
Saturday dawned bright and clear; the 9am and 1pm 'eye-openers', hosted by the Chicago Knights M.C. and Touche's, reinforced the weekend's party mood. Saturday afternoon meant the pre-judging/elimination of the 46 contestants. This part of the official contest, which was not open to the public, was held at Man's Country. It gave the judges (artist Etienne, 1981 International Mr. Leather, Marty Kiker, MCC's Rev. Troy Perry, Honcho's Don Beavers, Bay Area Reporter's infamous columnist Mr. Marcus, Chicago Conference of Clubs' Pat Weibeler, and Lou Thomas from Target Studios) an undistracted look at the men who had gathered to vie for the coveted title. With great difficulty, because every one of the contestants was choice stuff, the field of 46 was narrowed to 27 finalists. Who those men were was kept secret until the Contest itself.



The demand for tickets had been so heavy that there were a lot of guys standing outside the Park West at 8pm offering many times the original ticket price for a spare from the leather-clad studs queuing up to get inside. And to the complete surprise of most of the audience, which was strictly standing room only, the festivities started exactly on time as the explosive music from *Superman* poured into the room while images of host city Chicago flashed on a large screen. The judges were introduced to the audience, performers Herb and Potato created hysteria on the stage, and all the contestants were brought out to be gazed upon by the crowd.

After opening remarks by the producers (Chuck Renslow, Chuck Rodocker), Marty Kiker told the audience what he had been doing during the year of his reign as International Mr. Leather. Then San Francisco's Mr. Marcus announced the names of the finalists after he, too, laid a few choice remarks on the crowd. "My plane is waiting for me after I read this list," Marcus quipped, but everyone realized that, as hot as the 46 contestants were, the field had to be reduced to a manageable size. The announcement of the 26 leathermen who would have to continue to live with the suspense gave way to a variety of entertainment. An Atlanta group of cloggers named The Buffalo Chips took the place by storm. Illusionist Rick Tutacko brought gasps of disbelief from the audience of leathermen (who we all know are not easily fooled) when he turned a caged musclemans into a caged leopard. Herb and Potato, who had earned a number of fans from their appearances at the Contest last year, regaled the

Luke Daniel, astride his new motorcycle presented to him by Chuck Renslow, who seems to be astride Luke's partner Dirk Dehner, American representative for artist Tom of Finland.
Above left: A hunky candidate makes his pitch to an attentive crowd and next, '81 winner Marty Kiker finally makes the pages of *DRUMMER*.

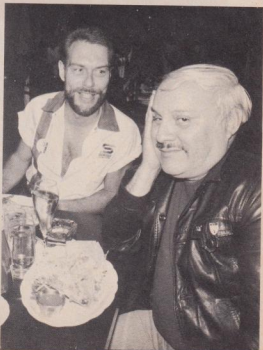


audience with their unique humor and repartee.

As in the past, the Olympic Scoring System, a judging system already acknowledged for its lack of bias, was used to determine this year's winner. The finalists were judged in three areas: Overall Leather Look, Physique, and Personality. But unlike previous contests, there didn't seem to be a clear-cut audience favorite until the Personality section of the Contest. Having coordinated the first Contest in 1979 and having witnessed each annual International Mr. Leather, I can testify that the Personality section is the deciding factor. Those two or three minutes in front of the microphone can make or break a potential winner. The ability to express oneself beyond the visual is extremely important and should not be considered lightly. Let this be a tip to any future contenders.

After what only seemed an interminably long time, during which we were treated to more entertainment and an appeal for funds for the Gay Rights National Lobby where nearly \$2,000 was raised from the audience, the finalists were brought back on stage for one final walk. Then the winners were announced.

This part of the Contest was a little choppy, but the crowd got what it came for: Second Runner-up, John Ponce, representing the Russian River Lodge in Guerneville, California (Mr. Northern California Drummer in our earlier contest. See *Drummer* 53); First Runner-up, Christian Winkel, representing the San Francisco Eagle; and, of course, the Winner, Luke Daniel, Mr. International Leather 1982, representing our own *Drummer* magazine. Luke had already won Mr. Greg's Blue



Former San Francisco Emperor Marcus (Left) and former contest organizer Patrick Batt trade jibes at the Dinner hosted by *DRUMMER*. Marcus now writes the leading leather column in *B.A.R.* and Patrick is business manager for *Alternate Publishing*.



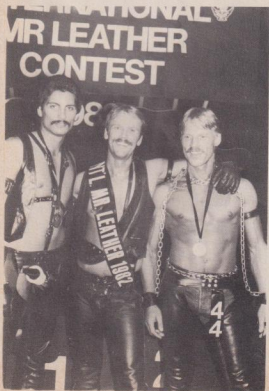
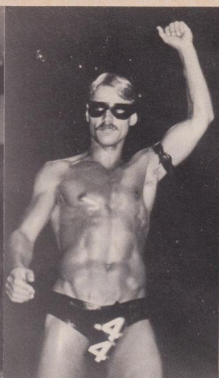
INTER
MR
CO



INTERNATIONAL
LEATHER
CONTEST

1982





Dot/Mr. Southern California Drummer as well as our Search for Mr. Drummer contests (See *Drummer* 54). Talk about a sweep. Thanks, Luke and John!

Two Mr. Drummer winners out of the top three titles in Chicago certainly reiterates *Drummer's* position as America's magazine for the leatherman by demonstrating in Luke Daniel and John Ponce what leather and *Drummer* are all about. These men are to be congratulated, along with all the other contestants, for showing the gay and non-gay communities alike, in the words of Luke Daniel, "We are men who happen to like the smell, feel, look, and taste of leather!"

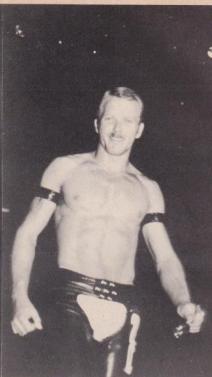
As these three men took their places on the stage to the thunderous applause of over 4,000 hands, cries of *Drummer!*, *Drummer!*, *Drummer!* echoed from the walls of Park West. Once again, as in 1979 and 1981, California had produced men worthy of the title Mr. International Leather.

Their eyes still blinded by the photographers' flashbulbs, the Leather World's new King and his consorts were whisked off to the Gold Coast by limousine (thoughtfully provided by co-producers Renslow and Rodocker) for their personal moments of triumph and adulation. It was to be a long night for the winners, and only the beginning of a long weekend for the crowds.

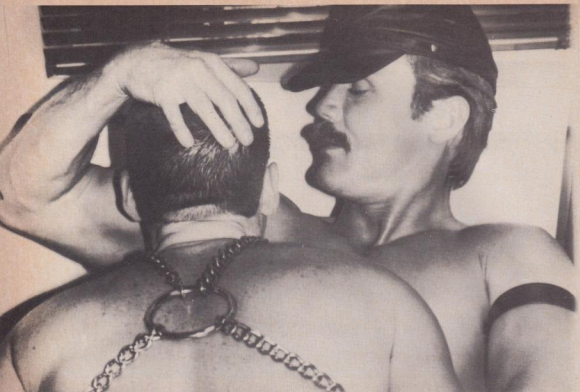
Sunday's events included an open bar at the Gold Coast, Touche's four-bus tour of Chicago (dubbed by owner Rodocker as "the good, the bad, and the ugly") and the *Black and Blue Ball* at Man's Country, which offered a capacity crowd musical and visual entertainment as well as the usual diversions.

No one envied the judges their task of choosing from the wealth of studs that paraded across the stage. Different approaches to the leather lifestyle, body shapes and sizes, attitudes were apparent as each man spoke and strutted his stuff.

At left the three winners, all from California, two from *DRUMMER* contests, John Ponce (Mr. Northern California Drummer), Christian Winkel (first runner-up), and Luke Daniel (Mr. Southern California Drummer and Mr. Drummer).



The Buffalo Chips, a Chicago group of cloggers, provided a touch of the midwest as part of the entertainment during the contest.



"WE ARE MEN WHO HAPPEN TO LIKE THE SMELL, FEEL, LOOK, AND TASTE OF LEATHER!"—LUKE DANIEL.

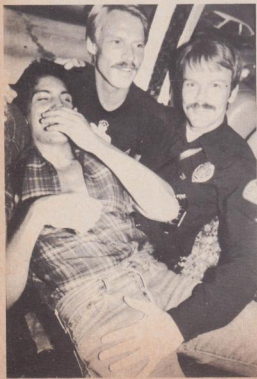
Drummer hosted a Victory Dinner for the winners at Mel Markon's, a Chicago nitespot not quite ready for Luke Daniel's appearance in full LAPD uniform.

We were delighted with our showing at the 1982 International Mr. Leather Contest and kudos go to Chuck Renslow for staging a weekend that was great fun. Renslow has been diligent in his ambition to form an International Leather title; from its inauspicious plastic chains and paper signs in 1979 (*Drummer* No. 39) to this year's contest, he has made the hard work pay off. *Drummer* hopes that the involvement of a co-producer this year (Chuck Rodocker) signals an even-greater citywide interest in making Chicago's annual gathering an Internationally-important event.

This year, for the first time, a video tape of the contest is available to those who didn't make it to Chicago and to those who want to relive that fabulous weekend. The price is \$85 (USA) and \$95 (foreign), which includes insurance, shipping, and handling. You should use a street address to insure UPS delivery. The tape comes in either VHS or BETA format. It's available from: Weldon Productions, Video Tape Order, 200 West Hill St., Chicago, IL 60610.

Next year? A word to the wise—buy your tickets early. This event is obviously going to get bigger and better, and you don't want to be left out in the cold. Rumor has it that Chuck Renslow is in the process of securing City of Chicago International Mr. Leather Week recognition.

*Above, Winner Luke Daniel graciously allows one of the candidates the privilege of licking his pits while, directly below, the three winners from Northern California engage in a ménage à trois for the amusement of *Drummer* photographer Robert Pruzan.*



S.F. AREA UNCUTS

Brown hair/eyes, bearded, UNCUT, nicely proportioned, WM, 32, 5'10", 170, looking for UNCUT MEN. Hairy w/beer gut! Into heavy cock with big hairy legs spread wide, with uncult thick cock, hanging balls, hairy ass for servicing. Answer with photo for HOT reply. P.O. Box 14098, S.F., CA 94114.

HOT HUNK

Wants to learn to wrestle. Willing to sweat, strain and sacrifice for right ring master. Stats: 38, 6'1", 190 lbs, cut, handsome. No games, just train me. Photo first, then contact. Box 3130.

CONVERT ME!

SF Bay Area, 27, WM, blond/blue, new to leather scene, like to watch the action. Let me watch you make it work, make me a convert. Box A47.

S.F. - SAN JOSE

Goodlooking Asian seeks WM leatherman, 35 to 45, moustache, short, slim, gentle, for mutual tit work and body contact. No drugs. Leathermen only, please. Let me with photo gets reply. Box 1632.

ATTENTION FIGHTING MEN

Hot stud, 22, blond/blue, hairy, 185 lbs, 31" waist, 46" chest, digs oil, jocks, sweat, leather, photos, JO and all challenges. No holds barred, submission, pro fantasy, heavy body contact, freestyle, stud vs stud, muscle against muscle. Let's go for it! Box 2092.

HOUSEBOY/MODEL

To serve demanding masters. Summer live-in. Will train right person to perfection. 21-35, husky and hard-working. Few privileges, many benefits. Give your name and phone number when you ask for the boss. No phone jerks, no bullshit. (415) 864-3877.

ARMY SERGEANT

San Francisco, WM 32, 5'11", beard, moustache, former Army Sergeant; enjoys hot times. Leather, Levi, Uniforms, fantasies, WS, FF(toy), JO, Phone No. exchanged, etc. Even enjoys light play & cuddling. No Fats or Fems. Prefer WM within SF area, 21-40. If you wish to make an attempt on a Fantasy, drop a note with photo (if available, photo returned upon request), include a description of yourself & a phone number &/or address for response, to Box A98 (c/o Drummer) or 470 Castro Street, Ste 207-3025, SF 94114.

CASTRATION

Seeks info from MD, other, on effect of castration on mature male. Also exchange accounts, history, fiction, etc. Box 3020.

BOOTS

THE TALLER THE BETTER

San Francisco. This phony black-leather motorcycle riding stud looking for guys who think they're good enough to serve my boots and me. Have this insatiable desire for boots and the man that wears them. Just can't get enough of them, esp. black engineer and logger boots—taller the better. I'm 31, and goodlooking, honest. If you're man enough and serious enough to get down with my boots or make me get down with yours, drop me a line. Box 1504.

SAN LUIS OBISPO AREA

Leo Bottom 26, (Jock 21), 5'8", 155 lbs., br/bl, 6'1" Cut, Big balls. Need to be bound in Leather/Ropes. Into B&D, Light S&M, C&B, Tit work, toys, getting fucked. No heavy drugs, Scat, FF, Piercing or injury. Rural setting a plus. Box 1422.

UNCUT THIRD WORLD

If you're Latin, Asian, Arabic or Indian and like to have your uncult cock sucked by a handsome young man who is also uncult and well hung, like to have your hairy or hairless ass eaten; if you're looking for sex and not romance and are interested in getting it on more than talking about it, and live in the Bay Area, send phone number (photo, if possible) to Box 2034.

SUCK MY JOCK

San Francisco WM, 6, 152 lbs., 34, 8 1/2" hard, into having my cum/piss stained jock sucked dry. Sweaty balls, arm pits, crotch, ass and all to be licked, into pissing into jock straps while being blown. Also into showing off my dick in public places that are discrete late at night. Will exchange jocks all over U.S. Photo in jock and phone number a must. Box 1292.

EXTRA HUNG

Hot athletic stud, 5'10", 165 lbs, brown/blue, smooth. Cut thick and ready to play. Call Dane (415) 821-1450.

FIND A HOT MAN

IN DRUMMER'S TRAMBEATS!

OBEDIENCE TRAINING

You have been looking for someone to take charge of you, strip you down, shave and shackle you. Let's get rid of that ego, train you to show respect for your superiors, and develop talents you didn't know you have. Let your master make those decisions for you. Send five bucks to LEATHER FRATERNITY, 15 Harrison St., San Francisco, CA 94103 for full questionnaire and brochure. If you join and are accepted your \$5 will apply on your \$60 membership. Strip down, get on your knees and get your letter ready.

BEARDED OR MOUSTACHED

FACE-SITTERS WANTED
I'm 39, 5'10", 140 lbs., bearded, and have no age or race restrictions. Write Horst, Box 1013F.

LEATHER BIKER TOT WANTED

I'm into heavy leather, leather bondage, and need to get into a heavy leather scene with a leatherman and or biker. Must wear full leather, as I do. I am WM, 44, 5'8", 152 lbs., and am bearded. Tall shiny leather boots, gloves and a beard a plus. Write to: Chris West, 1900 Eddy Street, No. 11, San Francisco, CA 94115. No fems, Blacks or heavy S&M.

SEEKS GRIZZLY MASTER

WM, 43, 6, 155, intelligent, submissive, seeks heavy-set, S/friend, 38-55, Uniforms, leather, high boots, VA, tits, discipline, slavery, whips—real authority! Europe Sept/Oct '82. Unclaimed M seeks this grizzly master. Box 3094.

S.F. BOOTICKER

WM, 31, needs tough redneck men in leather and uniforms for servicing. Can't get enough boot, cock and piss down my throat. Frustrated by games? So am I. I know what I need, your boots and action, sir. You owe it to yourself to be serviced with no questions, games or strings. Box 3106.

S.F. MASTER WANTS

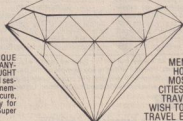
Rugged, handsome, raunchy, bearded men, 30-45, for S&M leather scenes. Sling and saw-hard action. Must be into TT, boots, piss, B&D, hot wax, and pain. Only light asshole w/leather need apply! Master: 33, W, 180 lbs, 6'7", 29" waist, 42" chest, bodybuilder, pierced and tattooed, bearded, cigar smoker. No fems, fats, or novices. Box 3102.

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☐ Enclosed find my check for \$35. Send me membership pack immediately. ☐ Send Brochure only \$5. CHECK \$100/\$5 \$100/CPK \$100 \$10 \$10

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☐ Charge it to my Credit Card ☐ Master Card ☐ Visa

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M.C. Bank No. _____ Exp. _____

Signature _____

(If really that I am at least 21 years of age.)

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PRIME CONTACT

Veteran of two wars: NAM (SOG) and South of Market (Leather Bar Hustler). 4-38, 6' WM, 38, 6'1", 190 lbs, unc, experienced. Gets excited over S&M, straining muscles and sweat. Requires physical grace, mental agility and emotional stability. If you're looking for a mutually satisfying-enduring relationship, this is the rare opportunity for the right hunk. Box 3130.

HOT HARD LEATHER STUD

Ray from Framingham is coming to San Francisco Aug. 15-23. Gonna go leather sex crazy. Drop a line w/pic and let's talk in leather! I wanna rent a hog for the week, clue me in. Ray, 34 Gordon St., Framingham, MA 01701.

DRUMBEATS GET RESULTS!

ATTENTION FIGHTIN' MEN
Hot stud, 22, blond/blue, hairy, 185, 31" waist, 46" chest. Digs oil, jocks, sweat, leather, photos, JO and all challenges. No holds barred, submission, pro fantasy, heavy body contact. Free style. Stud vs. stud, muscle against muscle. E-mail stud, let's go. At. L. Box 2052A.

SHIT PIC

Box 109, Millitas, CA 95035

HOT & HORNY

Young WM looking for good times & hot action. Prefer 25-45, well-built man who knows how to give it & loves to take it. I'm 23, 5'10", good build and versatile. I like hot people and hot times. If you want a great time, send your picture. Box 857.

YOUNG RUBBER FREAK

Horny young stud wants your cum-filled use condoms. Also dig hot JO letters and nude pics. Will answer all with details. Roy, 2225 Woodside Lane, Apt. 2, Sacramento, CA 95825.

TWO HOT LEATHER MEN

In command of their maturity at age 50, offer fine time in S.F.'s most complete and unique work room. All scenes, including FFA, we'll top you into submission and enjoy your responsive servitude. Bob, 5117, #165 and vnuw, 84, #196, Box 3159.

MASTER AND DOG-SLAVE

Want 3 ways, you can help me satisfy Master or let me serve Him and You. Boots, vs. verbal abuse San Francisco, Box 3158.

HANDSOME 44-YEAR OLD

White male 57' looking for youngster (over 18) to wrestle into bondage and domination. Possible long-term arrangement, live-in, allowance, etc. Must be 57" or under, white and young. Oakland, Box 3157.

ENGLISH SLAVE

Derby (England) guy/slave needs training by serious handsome dominant master, well-hung, 8' unc, I'm into leather/denim and most man-to-man action. Traveling San Francisco area late summer. Master, where are you? Box 3134.

COLD NIGHT?

FIND A HOT MAN IN DRUMMER'S DRUMBEATS!

RUSSIAN RIVER ASSHOLE BANDIT

Latino 29, 6'4", 185 lbs, 42" chest, 30" waist, 9½" ckt, 26 yrs. old, into tight work, L/L, light to heavy S&M and B&D. Looking for hot submissive bottoms for heavy workouts. Prepare to give your ass to me. Wanted: 25-40, tall, well-built, hairy ass and chest, Italians a plus. Do you fit the bill? Then send name, address and photo to R.R.A.B., Box 3107, if not...

LOOKING FOR A MASTER

San Jose. Into B&D and some light S&M. I'm 31, 6'1", 160 lbs, dark brown eyes and slender in build. No fats, fems or hard work. I love to have my ass worked over. Box 3127.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

HOT BODY BUILDERS

And hunky built men: Contact this little dude for total body worship sessions. Serious only! Photo letter for Dick, P.O. Box 3391, San Diego, CA 92103. Club organizing.

DRUMBEATS GET RESULTS!

MASCULINE STUD WANTED
Marshall, Uncut Capricorn, 43, 6'3", 200 lbs. Wants masculine stud willing to give his body for our mutual satisfaction, learning and pleasure. Details, photo, phone, please. Box 1646.

BIG FAT PIG

Los Angeles. Pretty-faced hog—30, 6'4", 300+ lbs.—seeks masters who know how to use a fat-assed, jello-bellied slave with huge tits and ham-hock thighs. Not much experience, but ALL scenes considered. So if you're into girth, come to L.A. and humiliate this handsome-faced, overgrown pig! Write Box 3171.

SLAVES!

Y/W/M seeks slaves to worship and serve Him as part of a newly formed "Church" that understands your place. Be prepared to perform as the slave you are and an offering may be taken of those who prove themselves. Send photo, and detailed application letter to The First Lady of The High Court c/o Box 59146, Norwalk, CA 90650.

MEDICAL SLAVE

Submit to "Mad Doctor" into total S/M Medical trip—drugs, 9, 0, caters, enemas, related. Travel all over Am late-30s, built, goodlooking. Would also like to hear from others with similar interests. Box 3180.

DEMANDING BUT AFFECTIONATE DAD

43, 6'2", 185 will rear obedient, restrained, exhibition-material body-builder son. Submit current photo with application. Box 3181.

HEAVY?

Gays wanted over 300W, 16 to 35, by handsome blond 22, 16, 32, Box 2035, 256 S. Robertson, Bev. Hills, CA 90211.

GET A GREAT PHYSICAL

Santa Monica area "doctor" looking for patients to play with. Box 3161.

FISTS — FOREARMS

From smooth—oiled, defined, leather Bodybuilders with endurance, by passive WM, 41, to expand my asshole. Leather hides to exceptional physical. Photo (returned), memo, phone. Box 3164.

HOT HAIRY BODYBUILDER

L.A. WM, 5'9", 34, with tight licks looking for well-hung leather toymen with good imaginations into fisting, domination, marathon fucking, B&D sessions. Visit S.F. often. Responses with picture answered first. Box 3169.

HUSKY, HAIRY, HOT

39, 6'2", 190 lbs, bearded, seeks correspondence/meeting with horny studs for prolonged, uninhibited sessions into verbal abuse, discipline, worship, ass play, fucking, sucking, etc. Will take orders as told. No restrictions and will answer all. Send frank letter & photo to Drummer Box 3150.

Salo, etc.) may have telephone numbers included in their advertising provided that advertisers can provide a business card, letterhead or other printed material on which the phone number to be used appears. There will be no exceptions.

WHIPPING BUDDIES WANTED!

Handsome dude, 32, 5'9", 150 nice body, seeks other dudes for hot sessions with whips—giving, receiving or both. Also dig other B&D activities except FF, WS, scat. Your photo gets mine. I live in Orange County and can travel to meet you! Box 3145, 18-35 WM's only, please.

BAD LEATHER MASTER

Long Beach, 29, 150, wants subservient houseslave. USMC—Navy recruits OK. Box 3131.

WANTED: HOT STUD

INTO GENITAL PAIN
Excellent opportunity for attractive, well-built guy into having his balls worked over. Room, board, frequent vacation travel, other benefits. I'm 27, stable, friendly. Write 2265 Westwood Blvd., Suite 8-168, L.A., CA 90064. Photo a must.

SLAVE WANTED

WM, 42, gd kg, clean, unc, Master seeks loyal, obedient slave ready to be trained/owned for ultimate mind/body service as a way of life. Must be masculine, smooth, hard, well hung, ambitious, 18 to 45. You, required to build body for total development, train for ultimate personal growth, ready for strict supervision, dog discipline, special bondage, pain, fantasy and TLC, to fuck your mind as well as body. The terms are mine. Prefer experience but consider novice. Will relocate slave if necessary. I don't fuck with second best. You will be proud to serve this special man. You may never have to make another decision. Box 3148.

COCK SERVICING

West Covina, WM, 40, 6', 158 lbs, unc, Canerian, versatile, hot, goodlooking macho dude, into all scenes except scat, FF and heavy pain. Enjoy worshipping a beautiful body and cock, servicing a cock completely, and I mean completely. Looking for over-sized, hot dude, 21-45, who likes his cock taken care of royalty. Your photo gets mine. Box 64.

WM BOTTOM

Orlando—31, 150, attractive, educated, stable, good cock, waste masculine, discrete, stable, clean top, 30-50, for possible permanent relationship. Not into pain. Box 3032.

JO, TITS

Into long jerk-off sessions with a lot of tit work. 57, 130, masculine, hairy, red/blond hair, 7½", 39 years. Any age, any race, but must have good body and into male penis/body types. Also into WS and pig scenes. Recent photo. Wade, 2596 Taluga, Coconut Cr., FL 33133.

HOT, MARRIED MAN

38, 6', 175, masculine. Seeks other married men, 32-42, French passive, masculine, hung, for discreet daytime action. Bronski, 8033 Sunset Blvd. #831, Los Angeles, CA 90046.

DRUMBEATS NOW

TAKES PHONE NUMBERS \$1 VERIFICATION!

GERMAN SLAVEDOG

32, 6'1", 175 lbs. 7', Totally submissive and available for Master and/or groups for your total pleasure. Your slave! Is often in Ca. and New Orleans and needs a lot of training into tits, piss, and fucking. Box 101.

TWO LEATHER MASTERS

Venice Area 2 WM's, 31, 5'11", 185 lbs, blond/blue and 21, 5'7", 125 lbs, blond/blue. Looking for WM slaves to serve, limits respected, novices welcome. Must be 18-35 into B&D, S&M, whipping, WS. Send photo and description. Box 1594.

SLAVE WANTED

North Hollywood—Los Angeles, Master, 32, 5'10", 152 lbs, br/br, in hair shape for my age. Dig slaves 18-28 only. No Beards or Mustaches. Smooth bodies. Have nice assortment of leather & S&M gear. Slaves must dig bondage. Verbal abuse, mutual heavy whipping, v.s. ill especially. Must dig tit work—my ill especially. Must respect slaves' limits, and any unacceptable sex play. No fats or phonies, however. I am Greek passive, also dig eating hot ass & piss. Write me, I'll add full call Tony at (213) 965-7001, or write with Phone 4. Pix to: Tony M., Box 1023, Hollywood, CA 90028.

BIKE CLUB, LEATHER ORGANIZATIONS

THE LEATHER BULLETIN BOARD

DRUMMER wants to announce your special runs and events. Send us information 90 days in advance, and we'll publish it. Black-n-white photos of runs and events also welcome for inclusion in our Social Notes section. Send pertinent data and your hottest photos to:

LEATHER BULLETIN BOARD

Frank Hatfield

15 Harriet Street

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WM, 32, seeks young guys into union suit and long john underwear scenes. JWH, 450 Briar Lane, #8K, Chicago, IL 60657. **LONG JOHNS**

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Licking bodies, boots, feet, armpits, ass. V/A, spit, toilet games, humiliation, assuage service. If you're not—especially muscular types or stocky ex-football player types, potbellies, or big bodies fine, I'll go top, bottom, or mutual. Ideas? Midwest and both coasts. Goodlooking man, masculine voice, 36, 6', 160. Box 864.

NOT MASTER
But the man who will control every aspect of your existence. I am fire & wind and savage. The entire spectrum of nature is mine to command. You accept and I shall command. Address your please to David, Box 3186.

BLACK MASTER WANTED
W/M, 33, seeks black master into heavy B/D, W/S, oral service and fucking a hot white ass. Also like to hear from others into black domination. Box 6348, Chicago, Illinois 60680.

WM, 32, GOLF & SLAVE
Seeks BB Master to 35 for bodywork/play. Ready to serve you, Sir. Box 3172.

INDIANA

HEAVY BALL WORK
Indianapolis, M, 26, 6', 180, 6½" cut, into B&D, heavy S&M. Will try anything at

least once, but basic interest is heavy ball work. Turns on to Blacks, hairy men, 21-45. No feds, feds, drugs, WS or scat. Box 1549.

INDIANA

26, 6', 140, wants L/T tomen into fr. gr. dildoes, enemas, paddles, T/T and FF. No feds, feds, or scat. Box 3139.

SEEK LITTLE BROTHER

Muncie, S, 22, and SM, 35, both 6', 160 lbs, 7", slim, trim, masculine, muscular, seek little brother for barebottom spanking, wrestling, grab ass and stink finger games, WS and Marine type discipline. Between Interstates 69 and 70. Your cocky S&M can play daddy if man enough. Nude photo sends ours. Box 3166.

KANSAS

DUO LOOKING FOR MASTER
29, Topeka Area. Looking for master to train slaves for service. Prefer 20-40, hung. Willing to expand limits for right leatherman who know limitations. We await replies at Box 4797, Topeka, KS 66604.

LEATHER GUY, 32

WM, 165 lbs, 5'11", would like to hear and receive photos of other leather guys. Love to wear hot black skins. Also love chicken. Not into pain or S&M. Box 3149.

KENTUCKY

SEEK SUBMISSIVE PARTNERS
WM, 34, 5'11", 160 lbs, dominant, large

chest and arms, seeks submissive partners. Some U.S. travel. Box 3173.

LOUISIANA

LEATHER/POLICE UNIFORMS
New Orleans, WM, 35, Leather, Police Uniform, boots, B&D, S&M. Seeks same. Am turned on by touch, smell, taste and feel of Leather, hung black boots, full police uniform and gear. I seek a few discreet men into the same. Occasionally travel. Box 1379.

PANTS-WETTING DADDY'S BOY
Looking for a Daddy, P.O. Box 19654, New Orleans, LA 70179.

SUSPENSION & SHAVING
New Orleans S, 38, WM, 5'11", 165. Heavy B&D, Suspension and Public Shave are specialties. Put your body in expert hands. Box 3137.

MAINE

ARIES DAD SOUGHT
Hot young Scorpio stud, 27, 5'4", 135, dk br hr, blue eyes, beard, hairy, w/ kflr, ends up on top too often. Needs tough older guy to overcome my physical challenges. You be 45 plus, 5'10"-6'1", solid, hairy, beard, short hair or bald, swarthy app physically and verbally authoritative and tough. Not into scat, FF, piercing, total submission or humiliation. Northern New England Area. Box 3135.

MARYLAND

NOVICE
Baltimore Area, M, 5'11", 180, 6" cut,

seeks sincere, understanding, experienced and knowledgeable master to bring out ability to serve. Am willing, obedient, and eager to learn. Some U.S. travel. Box 128.

HUNG AND FIRM MASTER

Baltimore-Annapolis Area S, 38, 5'10", 170, bearded, hung, goodlooking, firm but understanding. Seeks slaves for long sexual sessions in equipped den. All scenes, other topics welcome to share slaves. Letters with photos get answered. Box 1410.

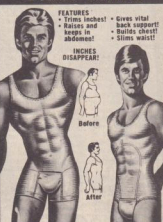
BEARDED MASTER, 39
5'10", 169 lbs, hung, experienced, sensible. Seeks slaves for long sessions in fully-equipped den. Other topics welcome to share slaves. Send letter with photo. Baltimore, DC Area. Box 3146.

MASSACHUSETTS

BONDAGE SLAVE
WM, 65, is looking for a young master, 23-35, with 8" or more of uncult cock to service. Am French athletic and Greek passive. No drugs, FF, S&M or pain, suit bondage. Plymouth Area, but am retired, can travel anywhere AMTRAC goes. Your nude photo gets mine. Box 625.

NEW TO SCENE
Masculine, 27, 6', 165, New to L/L scene. Would like to meet experienced 25-40 into jocks, WS, light S&M. Leather gear a turnon. Must respect limits. Box 2028.

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FACTORY, Dept., 2567
9903 Santa Monica Bl., Beverly Hills, Ca. 90212

WOODED DISCIPLINE

Want to correspond with anyone interested in the spanking of naughty boys. Your experiences will get mine. I believe in the use of a hot leather strap applied across bare ass. Box 3118

Seeks slave. Must be slim, totally submissive, masochistic and into heavy physical abuse. Master is 39, 5'8", 160, muscular, sadistic, and reasonable. Box 3113. **BOSTON MASTER**

MICHIGAN

MUSCULAR LEATHERMAN

Detroit Area Only. Muscular leatherman into soft side of leather. Enjoy leather, boots, jockstraps, cuddling, kissing. JO. Photo to must. Box 1506.

BONDAGE AND DISCIPLINE

Detroit. WM, 47, 5'8", 175, S&M, B&O. Solid and very hairy all over. Bottom, massive for lots of B&O. Particularly enjoys dungeons, jails, cells and bars in bondage. Like enemas, dildoes, Greek a/p, French a/p. All kinds of fetishes. No scat, and sometimes piss. No smokers and light drinkers. Have lots of toys and can entertain and welcome visitors, especially from out of state. All races please. Sirs, chain me up and rape my ass or gangbang me. Box 1290.

MINNESOTA

ROCHESTER MASTER

WM, 5'10", 170, 8". Master with well-equipped dungeon seeks obedient slaves. Willing to train submissive novices into S&M, B&O, and more. Write Robert, 1030 Adams Road, South Rochester, MN 46063.

SOCKS

Hot, Bi/W. Woodcutter will set sweat soaked work socks with load dropped in toe. Wo/50.00 Cotton \$5.00. Sealed in plastic bag to keep them damp & fresh. For photo add \$2.00. Drummer Box 3184. (202 S. 18th Ave. E. Duluth, MN)

TALENTED SLAVE

I enjoy being a guy's slave. I'm talented and versatile, can blow your mind. You should be 20-35, nice body. Box 30163. St. Paul 55175.

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St. Louis. WM, 40, 6", 158, uncut. Cancerian, versatile, hot, goodlooking macho dude. Into most scenes except scat, FF, and heavy pain. Enjoy worshipping a beautiful body and cock, servicing a cock completely, and I mean completely. Looking for oversexed hot dude, 21-45, who likes his cock royally taken care of. Your photo gets mine. Box 64.

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NAKED, CHAINED, SHAVED
Kansas City. Tattooed S, 45, 6'2", muscular 185, 7", wants slender man-slave 20-30 to be kept naked, chained and shaved for total and permanent S&M lifestyle. Apply with photo. Box 3129.

NEBRASKA

STORIES & PHOTOS

I would like to hear from others who would like stories or photos or video of young men (18-22) who are into B&O, S&M, & Bodybuilding. More S&M the better, from anywhere. Box 3041.

OMAHA M'S

LIVE YOUR FANTASIES!

Reliable, sane and discreet GWM, S, in 30's, creates a variety of B&O and light S&M scenes. M must be in 20's or early 30's, goodlooking, masculine, submissive and GWM. Photo required with application. Novices accepted. Describe your scene and humbly ask this strict but understanding S to consider your application. Box 3126.

NEVADA

SLAVE BOY WANTED

Master seeking full time applications for slave boy. Will serve as a master sees fit. Into B&O, C&B, IT work, WS, etc. Master has complete training facilities to handle any slave. Slaves apply with photo (mandatory). Master is 32, 5'11", handsome. Reply to Box 1821.

LOOKING FOR MASTER

Reno, Sir: Looking for master in Reno area to train slave for service and worship. Prefer bodybuilder with definite need to dominate. Am willing to expand limits to man who is capable of leading a slave into WS, IT, B&O, etc. Slave is 5'11", 158, brown/blue, 30, semi-muscular with good face. You are handsome and kind of man who should be served. Photo a must, yours will get mine. Thank you SIR for your TIME. Box 1387.

NEW JERSEY

COCKRINGS & JOCKSTRAPS

Wanted—into C&B work, WM, 27, 6", 155. Let's get it on in CR's and jockstraps. No reply without hot photo. P.O. Box 625, Linden, NJ 07036.

HOT MASCULINE TOP

Bi WM, 28, 6", 165, 8", seeks muscular guys and BB types only. P2C3. NYC-NJ boy. 1225, Union Ave. P.O. Box 1187.

ANYONE OUT THERE

Not into SM, etc., but love to make it in all leather, feel touch, smell. Well, let's meet. I am WM, 33, 5'11", 180 lbs, hairy, have jacket, gloves, boots. Box 3192.

NEW YORK

WANTED: LOVER/TOPMAN

You're WM, 30-35, 5'10" or taller, beard or mustache, I'm WM, bottom 25, 5'10", beard, experienced in S&M looking for a loving relationship. Living currently in NYC, willing to relocate after 6/82. Not into master/slave roles or the unstable. Box 3025.

BLACK MASTER

Manhattan. Black man, 50, seeks white, non-fat slave who uses his submissive head for thinking, sucking cock, drinking my piss, wanting his tits tortured, enjoying having his mouth fucked and performing total oral service for my black cock regularly. A guy who gives me his greatest asset, his head, in service, allegiance, love and communion. Box 510.

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YOUR SERVICE MY PLEASURE

Greenwich Village. M, 42, 5'8", 145, tall, CM, WM, warm, intelligent, levi's, headed bottom seeks imaginative, experienced, caring Macho L/L partner to help me discover and expand my limits. No Fats, Fems or fakes. Sensuality a plus. Box 1392.

TOTAL SLAVES WANTED

Greenwich Village. Experienced S, WM, Taurus, 47, 5'9", 172, cut, shaved head, strong Leather Master seeks total slaves for long term session. Must have endurance, crave slow torture, punch&SM, WS, etc. No Scat. If you're a real B&O slave, write submissive, groveling letter now. No feds, tats, fakes. Box 185R.

ATTENTION WRESTLERS

Rochester. Hot stud, well-built, strong 130, digs no holds barred action, heavy body contact, freestyle, stud vs. stud, muscle against muscle. Let's go for it. Include pic. Box 3138.

CLUB SCENE

Great build and appearance, 25, 5'8", 145. True total dominant/submissive. Strip for initiation—padding, strapping, C&B play, light bondage, more. Prefer 28 and under. Photo if possible. Box 1820.

YOUNG SLAVE NEEDS MASTER

Likes uniforms, bondage, TOTAL domination, 29, 5'8", 140, WM. Your place. Box 3140.

MASTER

48, 6'2", 250, bear cut, wants M who loves leather and sucking S&M optional. Leather lover a must. Golden shower a plus. Your photo guarantees reply. Box 3098.

PHONE SEX

HORNY?

So I am I hold my big hot cock in my hand. You're there looking at me, thinking how great you could cum with me. Do it. Call me. I also have some fantastic buddies for you. We do it all. JIM

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And breath control domination dealt to bottoms by serious, totally sadistic top. Phone numbers or detailed letters only. WCM, c/o DMS, 132 W. 24th St., NY, NY 10011.

TRUE SUBMISSIVE

Good-looking, 35, 25, 5'9", 155, weight only sexual interest is serving dominant men. Limited experience, but know my place and want to be there. Seek dominant black collar types, especially beefy, stocky guys or police. I'm eager to please. JO, 12R, C/O Box 478, Wastly Heights, NY 11798.

WAY OUT S&M

Given to hot body, young, experienced or beginner M by well-equipped, level-headed Master. Send photo, age, weight to JO, Box 12R, C/O Box 603, 147 West 42nd St., NYC 10036.

QUEENS MATURE M

Scorpio bottom man, 57, 150 lbs, hairy body, bald but bearded, seeks mature top Master for discipline and heavy tit-toe, FF, piss, scat, jock straps, hairy bodies, black beads. Stocky builds turn me on. No role-switching or skinny blondes. Your photo gets one of me. Box 306.

HUGE ENDOWMENT?

Dirty blond, gd-kng, 25, 5'8", 145, interested in hands-on, athletic, highly hung german, british, and latin topmen who are aggressive, verbal, and can keep their monster meat rock hard for hours. I want a FIREHOLE, and you're proud of it. We meet. Your pic, measurements, and phone get mine. Box 49, 132 W 24th St., NYC 10011.

ALL-AMERICAN BODYBUILDER

30, 5'10", 155, 15% a, 43" c. Sandy hair, green eyes, smooth body. Seeks gentle, submissive slaves—any race. Suck my thick cut dick, worship my muscles. Photos available. Mike Delaney, Box 565, Palisades, NY 10964.

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Issue 40



Issue 41



Issue 48



Issue 49



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FOR EXPERTS ONLY

New York City Village. WM, 5'8", 130. The best piece of ass on the East Coast. For experts only. Voluntary, not porcine. World's most perfectly functioning tube. Can be stuffed at both ends. Not a submissive, but a participant. Long term chemical fuck prefer to avoid scat scenes, fats, opera queens in black leather and whole sameness in general. Bored by blueprints, I sallied over the Jockey A.K. amputee ad in Issue 42. P.O. Box 478 NYC, NY 10011. Pics answered first.

LONG ISLAND MAN

49. Leather, levis, uniforms into FF, S&M. Let's get in touch. Box 3111.

HOT BEARDED WELL-HUNG

WM biker in late 30's, 5'10", 150 lbs of well-muscled, lean body. Seeks dominant creative tit and ass-fucking L/L topman for thorough workout/workover. Over 35, beard/moustache and masculine only. Reply with photo P.O. Box 281, Cooper Station, NY, NY 10026.

ROUGH HOUSE & RAUNCH

Buddy wanted for hot, wet, rugged contact in and out of sweaty jocks. Especially UNCUTS. Send Photo: P.O. Box 1322, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10017.

CLASSY BAD

NYC/WORKWIDE

Be stylish. Assume Correctional Custody of an intelligent, attractive, adult, Anglo-Saxon, pukka batman who'll stand at attention when not confined and securely restrained. Strict discipline and expert training will widen my horizons and heighten your satisfaction, Sir. Tie me, try me. Appointments open for preliminary interrogation and investigation, plus imposition of non-judicial punishment (Article 15 UCMJ) at Office Hours. Box 3092.

DRUMBEATS GET RESULTS!

UPSTATE LEATHERMAN

35, top or bottom, thick 7", hairy, looking for rough leathersex and bondage, will try anything, like dildoes, Greek a/p, French a/p, piss, fantasies. Send photo with dirty letter. Box 3160.

OLDER SLAVE SEEKS YOUNGER MASTER

New York City. Tall, slim, mature bottom, over-40, needs hot under-thirty, well-built, hung, cut master to worship and serve. Few limits, many benefits for intelligent young top. Photo, please, if possible. Sir, Box 3163.

HUNKY EX-FOOTBALL PLAYER

6'1", 36, seeks very large, round, smooth, jutting ass on cocksucking, rimming, smooth-bodied bottom guy. Blond guy preferred. Box 3167.

BROOKLYN WM

Geminis, 45, 155lb, br. blue clean shaven, 7" cut, into oral, anal, FF, TT, 8&D, toys, no Scat. Prefer bottom, but versatile. Seek top to greatly expand my limits. Photo/photo gets mine. Box 3176.

MEDICAL SLAVE

Submit to "Mad Doctor" into total S/M Medical Trip—uniforms, B/D, catheters, enemas, restraints. Travel all over. Am late-30s, built, goodlooking. Would also like to hear from others with similar interests. Box 3180.

EXTRAORDINARILY BEAUTIFUL

WM, 28, 5'7", 145, craves leather sex. Complete leather uniform, photo, and letter stating needs and requirements strongly preferred. All replies answered with photo and similar letter. No fucking or heavy S&M. Reply Box 125, Ridgfield, NJ 07075.

LEATHER MEN INTO NYLON

Black nylon slave bitch. Smooth skinned hot tits w/ 6 ft 115 lbs latorties has heels hose panties etc. for horny masters into leather, rubber, uniforms, hoods, raunchy jockstraps, underwear. Likes long sessions into B/D, W/S, sucking, rimming, getting fucked, hot talk, j/g. Ammy/ell; Polaroids. Mid Sept 82 N.Y. City. Make my vacation one to remember. All answered, can switch, California, L.A. area. Box 3187.

DRUMBEATS GET RESULTS!

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Warm piss drunk & given, tit action & wax torture. JO. Loud FF, WS, S&M. Two NC dudes hot for the tourist trade. Mid-thirties, goodlooking opposites: smooth/hairy. His lace in your ass. Your cock in mine. My hand in yours. Playground for serious hunks. Bathroom for yellow dogs. Basement for feds. Visit the mountains, visit the Worlds Fair. Visit us. Box 1823.

MUSCULAR BB NEEDS COACH

Trid. Runner, outdoorsman, 27, 6' 180, novice wants strong muscular buddy-coach, 20-40, for workouts, wrestling, love. Will learn your sports including martial arts, physical contests, games, B&D, light S&M, either role. Box 3119.

OHIO

HOT YOUNG MASTER

Seeks slaves for workouts. Columbus. Box 3185.

DRUMBEATS NOW

TAKES PHONE NUMBERS \$1 VERIFICATION!

CLEVELAND

29, 5'11", 150 lbs, hairy. I need a leather topman to expand my ass to its limits. WS, FF, TT, scat, possible piercing. No photo needed. I will surpass your expectations. Please include phone # in your answer for quickest response. Box 3156.

OKLAHOMA

RODGE BOOBY

Butlrider, 5'10", 150, seeks same to get it off in NEW tight-fitted 501 Levis, leather chaps and spurs. Lick my spurred cowboy boots up my chaps to my big silver buckle. Photo with riggen on gets mine. Box 3155.

OREGON

HOT MEN WANTED

Portland 5, 34, 55, 175, muscular, dark comp. Black/brown, beard & moustache. Looking for HOT, horny, construction worker, cowboys, truckers, troopers, cycle cops, mounted cops, firemen, who are not overly thin but

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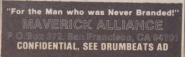
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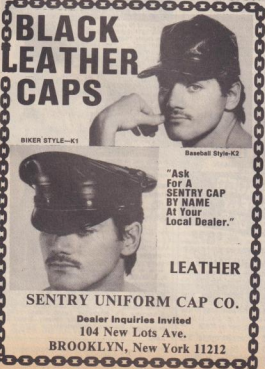
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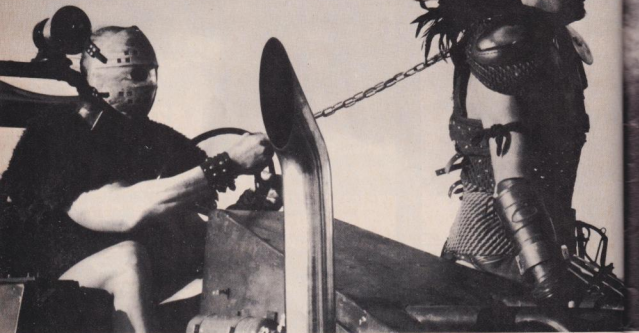
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DRUMMEDIA MOVIES



The forces of evil in *The Road Warrior* are represented by an assortment of strange and feathered nomads who rape, pillage, and kill unsuspecting travelers in the Australian outback of the future. *The Road Warrior* is a sequel to *Mad Max*, an Australian sci-fi import.

THE ROAD WARRIOR

The Road Warrior is this year's big bike and bicep flick, even though the men in this futuristic opus are more concerned with pumping gas than pumping iron.

Following the nuclear holocaust, a prologue informs us, "gangs took over the highways. Men were ready to kill for a tank of juice." The gas is needed to traverse the bleak Australian landscapes, even if there doesn't seem to be anywhere to go.

A small colony of "good people"—equivalent to the settlers in a John Ford western—have established a refinery-oasis-fortress in the desert, drilling their own oil in hopes of obtaining enough fuel for a trek to the "promised land" of the Northern seacoast. We know they're honest because they wear "Republican cloth coats".

Standing between the homesteaders and the beach is a gang of leather-clad punks in a variety of new wave hair colors and styles. They want gas for their choppers so they can continue roaming the countryside terrorizing anyone they encounter for fun and/or profit.

The chief villain is the aptly-named Humungus (Kjell Nilsson), a man of Conanesque proportions who wears an iron mask, leather harness and bikini, and speaks through an amplifier that gives him a Wizard of Oz effect. His attack leader, Wez (Vernon Wells) has a Mohawk haircut and feather-trimmed shoulders which make him look like a rooster. Wez also has a bleached blond lover (Jimmy Brown), at least until one of the early battle scenes; but no one seems to object to the arrangement.

When the bikers deliver an ultimatum that the oil-laden compound is to be turned over to them in 24 hours—or else—it's obvious that the story is in need of an equalizer. If none were forthcoming the film would have been called *The Slaughter* instead of *The Road Warrior*.

Max is *The Road Warrior*, but you can call him *Mad Max* if you saw the first picture in the series. (This one is called *Mad Max II* in most of the world, but the original could be re-released in America as *The Road Warrior minus One*.) He's played by Mel Gibson, the young George Peppard lookalike who ran all

the way through Gallipoli. He gets off his feet this time—but alas, not only his back.

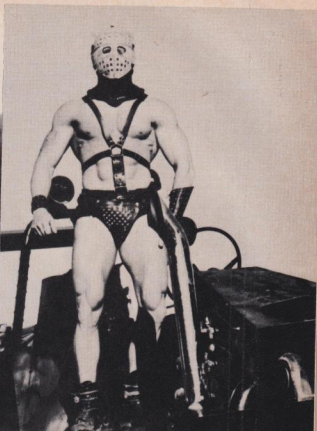
Dressed in all leather from a face mask to boots and a jacket and pants that fit him as well as his worn driving gloves, Max pilots "the last of the V-8 Interceptors," the remains of the highway patrol car that was his in *Mad Max*. His wife and child were killed in that movie, and the last vestige of law and order died with them. Now Max is a lone wolf, concerned only with survival for himself and his dog. He agrees to help the good guys for 99 44/100% purely mercenary reasons.

Filling the traditional "comic sidekick" role is the Lee Marvinesque "Gyro Captain" (Bruce Spence), whose helicopter may be the last one on earth. Also drawn to Max is the Feral Kid (Smil Minty), an 8-year-old mute who flings a deadly boomerang (as a man who tries to grab it in flight learns to his dismay when he loses some fingers).

There's not much dialogue in *The Road Warrior* (unlike *Mad Max*, which sounded like a spaghetti Western in its poorly dubbed American release ver-



Mel Gibson, who made an impression on audiences in *Gallipoli*, returns in the Australian 'road epic'. Gibson was in the first film.



The personification of the bad guy: leather-clad, chrome-studded, half-naked Mungus (that's his name) demands respect from all.

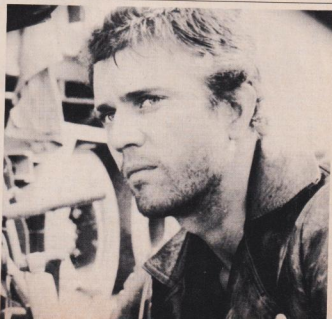
sion). Director George Miller emphasizes action, with more stunts than you can shake Hal Needham at. Cars, trucks, bikes and people do incredible jumps and flips before crashing to earth, sometimes in flames. In this category it's equal or superior to most of its American counterparts—especially in the 70 mm Dolby version.

Max is the stuff legends are made of and he's presented accordingly. He's a post-dated legend, of course; as Tom Lehrer said, "If any songs are gonna come out of World War III we'd better start writing them now!"

With the most bizarre collection of characters since *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*, *The Road Warrior* is an eventual inevitability for the midnight movie circuit, but it's done extremely well financially in California in regular showings and should continue to clean up as it opens across the country, despite strong summer competition—terrestrial and otherwise.

—Steve Warren

The face that parted a thousand thighs, Gibson is over-clothed in *The Road Warrior*.



THIS SUMMER: SUPERNOVAS

If you've wanted a summer of sci-fi and sword fights, then this is the year of the supernovas, a rash of oversized films with one or more of the above characteristics underlying whatever else might be going on up there on the screen.

Star Trek: The Wrath of Khan is the big surprise. Probably anyone who saw the first *Star Trek* movie has already made up his mind that this one could be passed over. Not so. Everything that was wrong with the former is noticeably missing from this exciting and action-packed sequel. The cast has gotten over being happy to see each other; the action gets underway from the opening moments. William Shatner turns in a performance that excels all the work he did on television, and Ricardo Montalban emerges as the sexiest older man in cinema history. We should all look so good at his age. Everybody already knows the big secret: Spock dies at the end. Or does he? Have you ever seen a Vulcan die? The introduction of another major character, a Vulcan woman, herself a starship commander, ensures that there will be a *Star Trek III*.

Poltergeist works about half the time, and when it works it's everything you've ever wanted to scare you half to death. But the rest of the time it sounds like a kindergarten primer on the occult, and doesn't know one spirit manifestation from another. Although Steven Spielberg only wrote and produced this film, it bears his thumb print on nearly every frame (there are a few moments that do seem like someone else was directing) which raises a big question about the listed Tobe Hooper; is he or isn't he a Spielberg clone? His earlier film, about a chain-saw murder, was radically different in its approach. Here he seems lost under the special effects; in fact, the film is lost under its special effects—some of which are special and some of which are not. The most daring thing about *Poltergeist* is how it develops characters for the family being plagued by hauntings; these people are ten times as deep as what you usually get in similar films. Perhaps they'll get a movie all their own someday.

You might imagine there would be little or no reason to stand in line to see *Grease II*, the last (hopefully) film about the end of the fab fifties, unless, of course, you already know the name Maxwell Caulfield. The question is, what can they wrap around this masculine angel to show him off without turning his film debut into a gay cause celebre (remember, Alan Carr and Robert Stigwood don't make films for gay audiences). Given a pair of tight jeans and a leather jacket, perched atop a black bike and roaring into the night, Caulfield was just what the art director had in mind. Michelle Pfeiffer is no skinny Australian import either; this woman has energy running through her veins. Her 'Cool Rider' put-down to Caulfield is a turn-on destined for hot

disco nights. When they are on the screen together you wonder how Travolta and Newton-John ever got the parts in the first place. *Grease II* is a lot less offensive than you might imagine; the obvious sentiments of the 'lost teens' a la 1959 are toned down to somewhat silly but much less odious situations than the rash of teen angle movies from the last couple years. Good clean fun? Not quite; Tab Hunter's only song, 'Reproduction', is pretty bawdy for a PG movie. The violence in this film is all by implication, which is violent enough if these are going to be role models for the punkettes of the future.



Maxwell Caulfield, the romantic hero of *Grease II*, in his silver leather pants and jacket from the films fantasy sequence. Maxwell is some fantasy.

But if you like your leading men a slight bit older than Caulfield, try on Richard Gere in *An Officer and a Gentleman* for size. It's been a while since *American Gigolo*, and although Gere did a stint as Max in the Broadway production of *Bent*, a new film seems overdue. This time Gere plays an asshole working his way through the ordeal of qualifying as a fighter pilot.

John Carpenter's *The Thing* may well be the last of the summer horror movies. While the James Arness film has its own following, bear in mind that Carpenter went right to the heart of the original 1918 short story for his film, a whole new ballgame based more on terror and suspense than having a giant wooly mons-

ter jump out at the audience.

It remains to be seen if audiences will accept Al Pacino in a light comedy role, even with the support of Dyan Cannon, in *Author! Author!* Pacino, who lost credit with his haunted role in *Cruising*, deserves a break.

It is difficult to talk about Steven Spielberg's *E.T.* without falling into a black hole of schmalz. *E.T.* is the kind of film that makes grown men cry. Even if someone has had the bad taste to tell you all about it, go see it anyway; whoever told you about it was probably incapable of translating this beautiful film's pure magic into words. I won't even try.

— John W. Rowberry

THE END OF FASSBINDER

Ranier Werner Fassbinder, the German gay filmmaker most responsible for the resurgence of interest in the new German cinema, died on Thursday, June 10th, in his Munich home. Fassbinder has just completed his film based on Jean-Paul Genet's *Querelle* with Franco Nero and Brad Davis, which was shown at the Cannes Film Festival. Earlier in the year he won Best Picture at the Berlin Film Festival for his 1982 film, *Veronika*

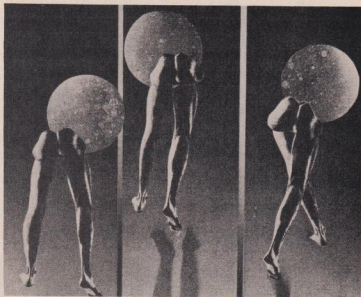


Fassbinder, left, with the trio of marauding gays in *Querelle*. Frank Ripplho, the director of *Taxi Zum Klo*, is far right.

Voss. In a brief film career that lasted only 13 years, Fassbinder created 41 feature films; among them: *Fox and His Friends* (the first contemporary West German film to deal with homosexuality), *The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant* (a lesbian film which Fassbinder wrote), *The Marriage of Maria Braun* (which won the Academy Award), and *Lili Marleen*. Fassbinder was 36 years of age when he died.

— John W. Rowberry

DRUMMEDIA BOOKS



—from *Graffiti*.

SINLESS CONFESSIONS

Graffiti For The Johns of Heaven by James Broughton (Syzygy Press, 1982, trade paperback, 80 pgs, 6.00) is hardly the introductory volume to the California mystic gay poet and filmmaker; if you've somehow managed to miss him all these years this collection of erotic poetry may be more than the more conservatively-cloaked christian types among you can bear. Broughton celebrates both the organ and the orgasm, as anyone who has seen his intense and stylized short films can attest—in *Graffiti* he goes deeper into the pale and etches his joyous abandon at the face of phallos right on Heaven's gates (but Broughton knows best, and this is probably the ideal place for odes to pubis—where they are needed most).

In the section called "Sins of Emmission", Broughton advises:

Try everything
try everyone
embrace excesses
change sexes
invest in undress
abolish deodorants
to finally suggest, in what is the heart of his message:
Ejaculate for peace.
But it is in the section called "Mash Notes to God" that Broughton scores the heaviest direct hits:
God is the fuck of all fucks
And boys He has a body
like you've never seen.

Broughton is no stranger to cosmic erotic karma and comedy; throughout his literary and film career he has managed to present the most serious tenets in an often hilarious way, but then Broughton describes himself as a confirmed believer in the unmentionable.

BODYCOUNT

John R. Feegel's *The Dance Card* (Avon, 1982, 312 pgs, paperback, 2.95) is as good a string place as any if you have never read this intrigue novel; before, in fact, it may be the best of the three hyper-action novels he has written, which include the Edgar Award winning *Autopsy*. The dance card of the title is nothing more than a small index card filled with names and causes of death, but the story behind it packs a real political wallop. A pathologist in the Navy, under secret orders, is sent to a small base in southern Florida in the spring of John Kennedy's first year of office. He is told by CIA-types to perform autopsies on some incoming dead, some of whom will be cubans, some of whom will not. It turns out that most of the bodies brought to the installation, after what turns out to be the Bay of Pigs attack, are not Cubans but Americans killed during the invasion. As an ounce of personal protection, and because he holds truth above matters of "national security", the pathologist notes the names and actual causes of death of all the bodies—the official death certificates he is forced to sign tell a much different story.

An ounce of protection can cause a

lifetime of problems, and when the CIA finds out what the pathologist has done a concentrated effort to retrieve the 'dance card' begins. The chase staged by the CIA is anything but merry; the pathologist resorts to a rather unique way of protecting his secret information.

The settings change with the times: Guam, the Artic Circle, the Dominican Republic during the time the CIA is playing both sides of the government/rebel war, Haiti during the time the CIA is propping up the murderous reign of Papa Doc, back to the United States where the pathologist plans to go public with his information at a convention of medical examiners. Always the CIA treads right on his heels, and constantly the reader is jabbed with Feegel's knack for twists and turns in the complex, but highly readable, scenario.

Dance Card is really two stories, that of the Navy pathologist and that of an Atlanta-based Chief Medical Examiner who becomes caught up in the plot, twice creating well-realized characterizations as well as bringing the world of forensic pathology to the intrigue genre with authority and skill.

BEYOND SPOCK AND KIRK

Spock's Guide to the Planet Vulcan is an unusual but interesting companion to the novelization of *The Wrath of Khan* (Pocket Books, 1982, paperback, 2.50) based on the new Star Trek movie. *Planet Vulcan* was written by Sondra Marsha and Myrna Culbreath, who also co-authored three of the Star Trek novels. *Planet Vulcan* gives you all the background a Trekkie could ask for on Spock's particular civilization, while *The Wrath of Khan* is perfect for reading while you're waiting in line to get in to see the movie.

BOMBS FOR LUNCH

The Atomic Cafe (Bantam, 1982, paperback, 4.95) is a visual and text treatment of the current highly-acclaimed film by Kevin Rafferty, Jayne Loader & Pierce Rafferty that juxtaposes historical nuclear film footage with the propaganda films made in the 1950's and news footage centering around the "bomb scares" of the cold war period. All your favorites lunatics (Nixon, Fred Allen, Khrushchev, The Department of Defense) mouth all that civil defense insanity and the book takes you through the film's journey of the times. Starting with the Rosenberg "show trials" right up to the Nixon-Khrushchev bitch fights, *Atomic Cafe* is one of the most convincing arguments for a nuclear freeze. All of it is true, nothing is altered or contrived, and if it wasn't so ludicrous it would be hilarious.

—Charles R. Musgrave

DONT DRINK WITH MARINES BEER LEADS TO SHAVING

(Duluth, Minn.) A college student who drank beer with guards at the U.S. Embassy in Moscow says he was assaulted by two U.S. Marines who cut his hair, forced him to do push-ups and threatened to mutilate him, according to published reports in the *Duluth News-Tribune*.

Richard M. Turcotte, 20, a freshman at the University of Wisconsin at the time, was on a two-week tour of the Soviet Union sponsored by the University, the newspaper said in a copyright story.

Col. James Cooper, who commands the Marine Corps Security Guard Battalion, refused to discuss Turcotte's allegations except to say the Marines were "very severely disciplined" and had been transferred from Moscow.

Turcotte said he received a letter of apology signed by the two corporals. Both blamed excessive drinking for the actions.

Turcotte said that in the early morning hours of April 7 he left his hotel and wandered into the U.S. Embassy compound in Moscow where he accepted an invitation to the guards' quarters for a beer.



Here, he charged, the two Marines verbally abused him, turning his \$50 bushy permanent into a Marine haircut and made him do 25 push-ups and 25 sit-ups.

Turcotte claims the Marines also cut his moustache and his pubic hair, cut his lip slightly with the razor, bit him on the tits, threatened to mutilate him, ruined his new coat with shaving cream and beat his head against the wall.

Turcotte reported the visit with the Marines had started out on a much different note: they talked about their hometowns, about duty in Moscow, gave him an autographed fatigue cap and a Soviet flag. Then, Turcotte said, they asked him if he wanted to be a Marine. He informed them that he had been in the Navy and was discharged after suffering brain damage in a mugging incident.

The Marines then told Turcotte he would have to earn the fatigue cap they had previously given him and started to cut his hair. That's when the party turned nasty.

Turcotte did not report the incident immediately, he said, because his tour group was going on to other Soviet cities.



WOMAN FUCKS DEAD MAN CORPSE'S MOTHER FURIOUS

(Sacramento, Calif.) The mother of a dead man whose body was stolen and sexually molested by a female mortuary worker has filed suit and been awarded \$142,500 in damages by a Sacramento court. It took the jury seven hours to decide that the mother had been wronged and was deserving of the cash award.

The mother, Marian Gonzales, said she suffered severe emotional damage after a woman who worked in the mortuary where her son, John Mercure, 33, was laid out, stole the hearse containing the deceased.

The woman, Karen Greenlee, later told police that she had sexual contact with about 40 other dead men while she worked at the mortuary. She did not explain how she got their dicks hard.



YOUTH KILLED IN JAIL GUARDS OUT ON HOLIDAY

(Boise, Idaho) A teenager jailed on warrants for \$60 worth of traffic violations was tortured and killed in a jail exercise yard, and the assault went unnoticed for hours because the jail was low on staff for the Memorial Day holidays, authorities said.

Christopher Peterman, 17, died of head injuries, said Chief Deputy Coroner Erwin Sonnenberg. He had been put in the county jail for the outstanding traffic warrants after his parents decided he should take responsibility for his actions.

Five other 17-year-old inmates who had shared a cell with Peterman were charged with first-degree murder. The youths were charged as adults.

The assistant county prosecutor said Peterman was repeatedly "kicked, gouged, beaten and burned" over a 4½-hour period. He was revived by paramedics but died later of head wounds.

The injuries included burns to his feet. The County Sheriff said the youths rolled up pieces of toilet paper, stuck them between Peterman's toes, and set them on fire.

The victim's mother, responsible for sending the youth to the county jail in the first place, commented, "I guess someone got mouthy. Two or three boys beat him up." She went on to add, "He was horribly beaten, his head was nothing but mush."

ONE MORE REASON NOT TO GIVE YOUR BOD TO SCIENCE

Jocks, we know, show the same good taste in humor that they do in picking out polyester leisure suits. Swimmers have been known to piss in Olympic pools (always a million laughs) and hockey players have made rings out of their knocked-out teeth. Rugby players, however, are a whole other breed. Take this recent news item:

Right before the start of a big double-header between the University of Pittsburgh Rugby Club and the Juniata College Rugby Club, the U. of P. jocks rolled human skulls onto the field and used them for practice kicks. The seven skulls, some still with skin on them, were taken from the medical school at the university. "I saw a couple of the heads close up," said a pre-med student from the opposing college. "They were real. It was pretty gruesome. I was shocked and I think everyone else on the team was." The Juniata players were so unnerved, in fact, that they lost both games. The University of Pittsburgh is investigating the reports.

Elvis World

THE FLAP OVER ELVIS' DICK

Bud Berkeley, the author of our three-part *History of Foreskin*, is also the founder of the U.S.A., The Uncircumcised Society of America. As such, he gets lots of letters about dick, none more passionate than this one, written by the editor of *Elvis World* magazine:

"Dear Mr. Berkeley,

"Your organization has been recommended to us by one of our readers in the hope that you can offer a statement regarding the degrading remarks made by the author Albert Goldman in his best-selling biography of Elvis Presley, *Elvis*; a very degrading account of the life of the King of Rock and Roll, himself uncircumcised.

"Mr. Goldman writes that Elvis 'saw his beauty disfigured by an ugly Hillbilly pecker'. Not only is this generalization in bad taste, but it is also not verifiable. Mr. Berkeley, would you comment on Mr. Goldman's statement for us, please? To me, this tells more of what Mr. Goldman thought of his

own *circumcised penis* than it does about what Elvis thought of his."

The letter was written on stationery that had a ghostly head of the pouty 20-year-old Elvis faintly printed on it.

Bud Berkeley replies: "In the Fifties, the only time foreskin was mentioned was in jest. Chances are what Goldman is referring to was a remark Elvis made in jest. Certainly if it did bother Elvis, he had the money to get circumcised. The very fact that he was in the Army and got out with his foreskin intact, the only way he did that was because he was a celebrity. He must have been pretty firm about keeping it."

A magazine called *Bill Dakota's Hollywood Star Magazine* published the County Medical Examiners' report in its pages in 1979 that stated Elvis was uncircumcised.

Interested readers can contact Berkeley about receiving his newsletter by writing to: The Uncircumcised Society of America, Box 26011, San Francisco, CA 94126.

THE GAYS ARE THE ONES THAT WALK FUNNY, RIGHT?

(Miami) Prison officials in Dade County have their own ideas about what to do with overcrowded prison facilities; they are moving the gay male prisoners into the undercrowded women's facilities. However, prison guards believe what they are, all has not gone according to plan; they're having trouble telling gay males from non-gay males, especially when the non-gay males are trying to pass themselves off as gays in order to get housed in the women's prison. A female prisoner has already let it be known that half the alleged gay men being housed in the women's prison are not gay. She didn't say how she knew that to be a fact.

Tough Shit

SLAVE SALE NETS \$3,285 FFA PLEASD WITH OUTCOME

(Garber, USA) Some 28 slaves went on the sale block but the selling price of slaves, like so much else these days, was a bit down from last year. However, one slave, Future Farmers of America Queen Barbara Staggs, brought a whopping \$500.

It was the annual Garber FFA Slave Auction, held under the hammer of the Johnson & King Auction Company.

A spokesperson for the FFA said there was a great contrast between what Barbara Staggs brought at auction and what the Vo-Ag Instructor, Elmo Castle, fetched—which was a mere \$160.

Two Vo-Ag teachers brought \$80 each.

Neither Lloyd Martin nor the L.A.P.D. were present at the slave auction.



futures. The American circumcision rate is down to around 80%! Yes, thanks in part to the natural childbirth movement, the sudden increase in Spanish-speaking ethnic groups (who, like the English working-class of old, remain resolutely uncircumcised), the anti-circumcision doctors, and, of course, thanks to Mother Nature herself, who provides every bundle of male joy with a prepuce, the pendulum is swinging away from the clipcock. Will Americans really follow their British cousins once again and become a nation of pillcocks? Several factors cloud the picture.

For one thing, the coming of the laser beam.

Yes, Space Age circumcision has arrived with promising painless, bloodless circumcision with near instant recovery. In January, 1981, the United Press carried the following story: "LASER CIRCUMCISES A HEMPHILIAC. Date line: Tel Aviv. In a medical first, doctors used a surgical laser to circumcise a 13-year-old hemophilia victim. The youth told his parents he wanted to be circumcised before his bar mitzvah. The doctor who recommended the operation had mixed feelings about it. Laser surgery had been performed for a number of years and much more complicated operations have been undertaken, though this was the first time it was done for circumcision. In the case of the hemophilic, a locally manufactured laser was used, causing less bleeding than with the conventional technique. The surgical team stood by with coagulate concentrate in case of heavy bleeding, but only a small amount was needed. The doctor later said, 'I'm afraid now that the word is out about laser circumcision, the country will be flooded with (men) who want to get circumcised.'"

Another cloud hovering over the foreskin is the return to world power of the Moslem. With American troops playing war games in Egypt and the possible conflict over Persian Gulf oil, history could repeat itself. American troops in Arab lands would definitely have to be circumcised if they wanted to fraternize with the local girls. And, if taken prisoner, the American apple-pie boy would meet Sword of Islam.

During the Truman administration when the Marines

landed on the shores of Lebanon, uncircumcised Marines were segregated and not allowed to disembark. This was wise for, when Italy was in Ethiopia, Italian encampments would be greeted each morning with baskets of foreskins placed nearby. The foreskins had been trimmed off the Italian soldiers taken prisoner the previous day. Similarly when France was in Algeria, many Frenchmen were taken prisoner and "Islamized." In the recent Lebanese civil war, Christian civilians of all ages were kidnapped off sidewalks and brutally circumcised (and, if lucky, released). The taking of foreskins remains as political as ever.

Whatever a man's penis style, most Americans would probably say "So what!" The average American would no doubt agreed with famed Islamic scholar Maulana Muhammad Ali that the removal of the foreskin is the same as removing superfluous hair, that the foreskin's evolutionary function has long been phased out.

Or has it?

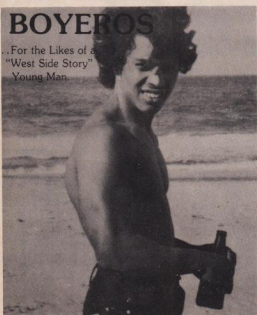
"I idolized my handsome father," wrote a young cowboy in Wyoming. "But I resented that he had allowed me to be circumcised. He obviously enjoyed his body and his foreskin. He must have known what it meant for me to be deprived of mine."

"I have a terrible fear of doctors," wrote a middle-aged college professor. "And it goes back to when I was five years old. Without warning, I had to watch while a doctor surrounded by wisecracking nurses cut the skin off the end of my penis."

"I was hiking in the Alps when my penis was frost-bitten. The village doctor had no choice but to quickly circumcise me. At first, I hated the idea of losing my foreskin. It wasn't long before I realized that the doctor had done me a favor. For the first time in my life I was completely eroticized by my own penis and enjoyed it much more than before the operation," wrote a father of a young son whom he made certain got circumcised.

In 1959, the Mayo Clinic published a report exploring the purposes of the prepuce. The report states, "Much of the primary erotic stimulus comes from the skin.... The nonspecific regions perceive simply an exaggerated form of tickle.... The specific type of erogenous zones are found in the mucocutaneous regions, which includes the prepuce. This anatomy favors acute perceptions. The rete ridges are well formed and more of the organized nerve tissue rises higher." In other words, the foreskin is loaded with erotic nerve-endings! Men are not inclined to analyze the sources of sensations during sex, but it appears that the foreskin nerve-endings come to life when the foreskin has its only possible experience...being stretched back. Yes, when those nerves are s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-d tightly over a fully erect, rigid penis, that is when the foreskin fulfills its function. Possibly, part of the impulse to plunge it in again comes from the desire for another s-t-r-e-t-c-h.

Why would anyone want to deprive a man of this experience? Why was a soldier who was circumcised as a punishment once told, "You don't deserve a foreskin?" Quoting Dr. W.K.C. Morgan in his article "Penile Plunder" in the Medical Journal of Australia: "No matter how one looks at the origins of (circumcision), it becomes apparent that it was conceived in ignorance and superstition and has been nurtured by man's inherent propensity for sadism and masochism." But why should the foreskin become the sadist's target? An old Freudian theory suggests that the foreskin is correlated to the hymen in the female in that it can be removed with some pain and blood, without destroying the genital organ. Thus, perhaps, it elicits the same sado-masochistic instincts which drive the bridegroom to break the hymen of his virgin bride, initiating her into sexual activity and womanhood. This is born out by tribal puberty rites for boys. Writes Dr. Morgan, "In many African tribes the young male cannot be accepted without first having proved his manhood. To do this he is tested by (the ordeal of) circumcision and if he does not flinch he is then accepted as an adult." Perhaps this primitive urge to "break in a virgin" explains the Air Force doctor who said to the patient who just realized he had lost his foreskin along with his tonsils: "What the hell are you complaining



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about? I've made a man out of you!"

The S&M instincts of the compulsive circumciser is not limited to military doctors. One compulsive circumciser, a doctor in a Southern California community with a large Chicano minority, has his office near a high school and brags about the many foreskins he "brings in" a year. Reportedly, he treats the high school athletes and whenever he discovers an uncircumcised boy he starts pestering the parents for a circumcision release. If they claim they can't afford his fee, he offers to let them pay later. Then, after the circumcision, he "forgets" to mail the bill.

Quoting Dr. Peter Van Zante, MD, in the *Medical Tribune*: "Circumcision provides a convenient and socially acceptable outlet for the perverted component of the circumciser's libido. I have had personal experience with the psychopathology that underlies the wish to circumcise. The pitiful wails of the suffering infant are all too often the background for lewd and obscene commentary by the obstetrician to his audience or his nurses. I have seen two medical students fight over the privilege of doing circumcisions. Dr. Alexander Schaffer, a noted pediatrician, tells with horror a case in which the infant was being delivered as a frank breech (buttocks first). Before delivering the baby, and just as the penis came into view, the obstetrician seized it and circumcised it. That obstetrician, I would say, may be capable. He may be an all-around fine fellow. But sexually I say he is a monster. And I say that one of the reasons why circumcision is so common in this country stems from the crypto-pervert."

Current methods of circumcision retain some of the mucosa, the inner lining of the foreskin which contains these "super-erotic" nerve endings. This lining is pulled back down the shaft and sewn in place, permanently s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-d. Now these nerve endings were intended by nature to remain in a warm, moist pouch. How they take permanent exposure to dry air and abrasive clothing can only be assumed. Most circumcised men find the area directly behind the corona, where the foreskin nerves remain, the place they most hit when masturbating, often not touching the glans at all. Uncircumcised men, however, grip the foreskin and roll it directly over the glans. One New Zealand Naval medical officer claims, "The glans is wasted on a circumcised penis."

The sensitivity of the clipped penis versus the unclipped has been discussed for centuries. The consensus is that the uncircumcised penis is the more sensitive of the two. In the eyes of many, this is a detriment. To quote historian Allen Edwardes, "How does it feel to have the precious hood removed?" asked the 18th Century Egyptian to a young French convert in Napoleon's army. "One cannot fully appreciate The Cut unless he has been initiated at a moment later in life. How can an innocent boy, mutilated at pubescence, know the value of pleasure if he had not at first endured the frustrating hypersensitivity that plagues the uncircumcised?"

In *Circumcision Pro and Con*, a book by Ronnie Anderson, the sensitivity of the penis was charted from 1 to 100. The sensitivity of the just circumcised infant jumps to a 78 immediately after his circumcision. The uncircumcised infant starts life with only a 25. The uncult child remains at 25 until he is a pre-teen when his penile sensitivity rises. The cut child, however, loses a lot of sensitivity very early and falls below 25 at the age of 7. At 18, the uncircumcised boy reaches a peak 58, while the cut boy has dropped to a 5. Both boys remain at their levels until they are 22, when the sensitivity drops off slowly in both. The circumcised boy falls below his maximum at 26. The uncult man doesn't fall below his max until he is 35. The circumcised man remains at minus 20 until he is 55 and then falls rapidly to a minus 50. The uncircumcised man falls gradually to a minus 20, reaching that rate when he is 70 years old.

Masters and Johnson's findings tend to refute these findings. They determined that there was no difference in sensitivity between the cut and the uncult penises. However, even Masters and Johnson's methods have been criticized and some of their findings dismissed. Sensitivity, after all, being a subjective experience, is difficult to measure. Most current Sexologists would agree that much of the feeling in the penis originates not in the penis, circumcised or uncircum-

cised, but in the brain.

In his article "Cosmetic Cocklift" (published in Q.Q. Magazine) Roger Watson wrote: "The reasons for having a cosmetic cocklift (circumcision) are both psychological and physical. You will notice a change in the size of the cock. It will appear to be bigger and perhaps longer. . . . Obviously, freedom from the foreskin and frenulum allows the glans to expand slightly . . . or appear so. The sensation is highly intensified for up to a year; in time it will (reduce) to equal that of an uncult penis and, sadly, over a long period of time it will be less sensitive, although a satisfying amount will never be lost." Thus, it seems possible that a mid-life circumcision can give a sagging sex-life a shot in the arm.

The USA club received a large amount of pro-circumcision mail, mostly from men circumcised as adults by their own choice. They corroborate one of Watson's theories that "shedding the foreskin means shedding hangups." As one man wrote: "It gave me an entirely new male anatomy which made me feel more virile. Before circumcision I was never fully aware of my glans. Once my glans were bared and unrestricted it flared and toughened and I was aware of that most masculine part of myself at all times. My wife also responded favorably to my wider cockhead." A Texas cowboy wrote a couple of months after his circumcision at age 36, "I was the only uncircumcised male around my granddad's ranch for years. All the cowboys he ever hired were clipped to the quick. Granddad was going to take me to a nearby Air Force Base to have to take care of during my teens but the base closed down before he got around to it. The ranchhands always teased me about having foreskin and threatened to include me with the calves at branding time. Now that I finally got my branding I've for one hot pony between my legs! I can't keep him from rearing on his haunches!"

In next month's conclusion, Bud Berkeley will tell us about foreskin restoration, the future of the American penis and why masturbation is such damn fun. Hang loose, stud.

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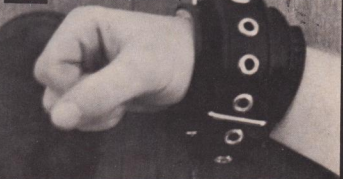
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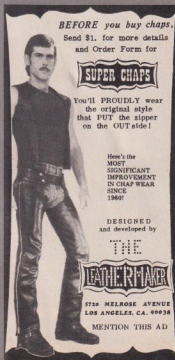
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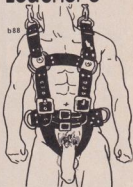
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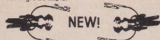


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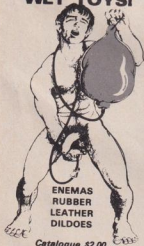
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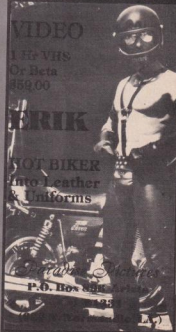
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GAY VISITORS GUIDE TO SAN FRANCISCO

Published by the gay newspaper *The Advocate*, the *Gay Visitors Guide* is designed along the lines of the traditional guidebooks. Now in its second edition (1982-83), there are sections of the 162-page paperback that deal with everything from the climate and the city's better-known tourist traps to the gay history of the city (in a contemporary sense) and some of the less tourist-orientated facets of San Francisco like gay political organizations, religious groups, and sports groups. Guide books based solely on commercial ventures tend to outdate themselves immediately (bars come and bars go); and the approach of the *Advocate* guide toward giving the visitor a feel for the city is a definite plus.

The tone of the guide bears a similarity to the tone of the newspaper that spawned it, and there is often a bit of editorializing along with the information. A chapter on lesbians is included, and it seems well-informed. The sections dealing with South of Market and S&M seem to go to some length to create some psychological split between what men in leather do in the daytime and what they do at night. A little passe for today's audience. Unusual omissions in the guide are repeated from the first edition. The Slot, a South of Market legend indeed, is not listed, while a non-gay hot tub bathhouse is listed. The San Francisco Inter-

GAY VISITORS GUIDE

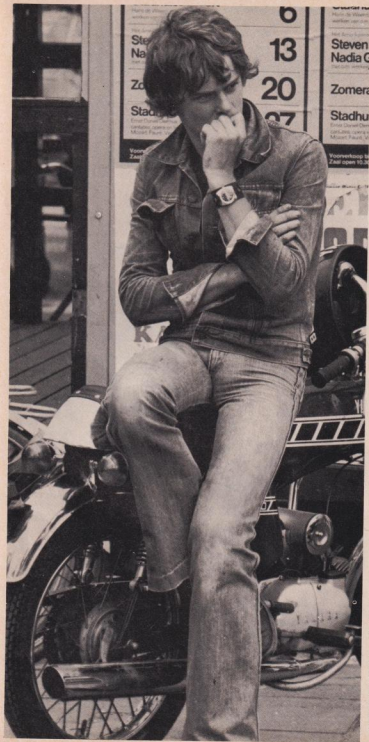
REVISED 1982-83 EDITION



—photo (right) Edward Hart

national Lesbian & Gay Film Festival is ignored (it is the oldest such event in the country, this year being its 6th anniversary) while the non-gay San Francisco Film Festival is included.

As a city guide, with less of an editorial bias, this one really sets the standard by which all American city guides should be judged. The listed price is \$4.95.



MAN TO MAN HOLLAND GUIDE

If you're going to Amsterdam, and with the trend among American gays traveling to European capitols, chances are you will probably have this Dutch city on your itinerary, then *Man To Man Holland Guide* is a must. Eighty pages covers all The Netherlands, but the main focus is the city of Amsterdam, for which there is a full color bound-in street map with a directory of street names and locations. Smaller maps throughout the guide show other cities and areas.

There is basic tourist information and phone numbers, including those of banks, health services, police, etc. Train and airport information is included. Each edition of the guide comes with an update insert noting whatever changes have occurred since the particular edition of the guide was published. Text is in English, Dutch, French and German. Besides the usual information about bars, baths, hotels and restaurants, the *Holland Guide* includes bookstores, film theatres, gay publications, and various gay organizations.

The thrust of the guide is towards the non-Dutch visitor who has come to The Netherlands to see more than the famous tulips, but being a compact and treasured-filled country, chances are you'll see all the tulips you want on your way to the nearest S&M bar or baths.

The guide is available from: Man To Man, Postbus 10419, 1001 EK Amsterdam, The Netherlands. Price is \$5 or the equivalent in International Reply Coupons for First Class mail.

BOB DAMRON'S ADDRESS BOOK

Bob Damron's is the oldest guide in America. Its unusual size, three inches by six inches, makes it the smallest and the thickest, over 400 pages in 1982. There are no phone numbers, only names and addresses, and all city listings are alphabetical; which in large cities gives you little idea as to the location. There are no maps or area directions, and the only local information provided outside the listings themselves are the hours liquor is served. Some code categories, like FFA meaning 'Final Faith of America' are sophomoric, while others, like RT being a catch-all for 'Raunchy types, Hustlers, Drag and other Downtown types' are illogical.

The guide is published annually. Damron writes a travel column that is syndicated in a number of regional gay newspapers which concentrates on particular areas each installment; the very information the guide lacks. Listed price: \$9.

We are interested in knowing your experience with any of the guides we have reviewed in this series, and to have any guides we have overlooked brought to our attention. In the future we are planning an update of all the guides we have discussed.

--John W. Rowberry

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CONRAP

Prison, by its very nature, can destroy a man. I have served sentences in Leavenworth, Alcatraz, the California State Prison at Folsom; so I know what these hell holes can do: bigotry, mayhem, mental crucifixion. Men, whose one sexuality has never been too certain, will persecute men who march to a different drummer.

A case in point is Robert Stroud, the internationally famous Birdman of Alcatraz. Convicted for manslaughter at the turn of the century, Stroud got into a fight with another prisoner and was transferred to Leavenworth. A guard took an instant dislike for him and began to persecute him, even preventing Stroud from visiting his mother who had sold her possessions to make the trip to the penitentiary. In a fit of anger, Stroud killed the guard. When he was sentenced to hang, his mother pleaded with Mrs. Woodrow Wilson and the President commuted the sentence to life imprisonment . . . in solitary confinement.

Stroud was to spend 40 years in solitary at Leavenworth. Left to the monotony of the isolation unit, Stroud began to breed and study the habits of small birds. He wrote a book on their care which became the definitive study, praised by ornithologists around the world. When the book royalties and magazine-article fees, as well as the small-scale business that resulted from his breeding and selling of birds, became too much for the Federal Bureau of Prisons, he was transferred to Alcatraz shortly after it opened in 1934. His birds were left behind him in Leavenworth and he never had any on the Rock. (The Birdman of Alcatraz was the name that stuck, nevertheless, probably because it was more eye catching than Birdman of Leavenworth.)

Burt Lancaster's portrayal of Stroud in *The Birdman of Alcatraz* made the prisoner famous. Through the efforts of the then Attorney General, Robert F. Kennedy, President Kennedy ruled that Stroud's solitary confinement was inhuman and ordered the Birdman transferred to the Medical Center for Federal Prisoners in Springfield, Missouri. The Director of the Bureau of Prisons was in total accord, fearing that Stroud's death in solitary confinement on Alcatraz might foment a national reaction against the entire bureau.

I had occasion to talk to Stroud on Alcatraz and found him to be a gentle

and articulate man. Wized by the years, he had eyes that shone with intelligence and curiosity. His thirst for knowledge was so insatiable, in fact, that it had taxed the facilities of the California State Library. His interests ran the gamut from ancient Sanskrit to astrophysics.

Robert Stroud, the Birdman of Alcatraz, was gay. Shortly after arriving at Springfield, where he had access to the entire prison without any restrictions, he was caught fellingating a young inmate. When I heard about it on Alcatraz, I asked the obvious question:



Inset: Orig. MUGG shot of Stroud in younger days
lgr. photo: Stroud at Hearing of fellow inmate.

Who could blame him? He had been denied human tenderness for 40 years. No love, no companionship, nothing. Such total isolation had, in the past, driven many great men totally insane. Stroud found love where he could, in the giving of another vital man. Really, who could blame him?

The men of Alcatraz did.

No, not all of them, only the insecure, only those who felt betrayed by this internationally known man, one of their own, who should have acted like some impossible god. These men, when interviewed after their own release, have consistently refused to discuss Stroud . . . because he was a fag!

The circumstances of years, the pain of persecution, the brutality of his keepers could not break the indomitable spirit of Robert Stroud. Lesser, so-called "straight" men had gone insane in solitary, breaking down into whimpering, cowering shadows of men.

Not this gay man.

When it comes down to it, who really were the punks!

— Jay Bates

LEATHER BULLETIN BOARD

OK, guys, let's get the shit on the road. This column will be appearing in every issue of DRUMMER. It's your fucking column, so let me hear from you.

I have contacted all of the bike clubs that I could find in Canada, Europe, and Australia. They should be giving us some input as to the big runs and scenes they are having. There are so many American clubs that the only way I can get through to you is on these pages.

First, the legendary, bad-assed CHICAGO HELLFIRE CLUB is having their Inferno XI from Sept. 10-13. These are the real aficionados of S/M and they will gather for the Inferno from all over the country and abroad. Care and responsibility have always been the hallmarks of this unique club

point of the tour should contact Walt Carlton, UFO, 1531 South Madison Avenue, Tulsa, OK 74120 or call (918) 5859000 for details. Middle America and the South will never be the same again with all these hot studs on their hogs barreling down the highways. I wish I could be with you guys. Good luck.

Third, a letter was passed on to me from the DRUID M.C., P.O. Box 169, Washington, DC 20044. They had their big Spring 1982 Sabbath, but it was too late for this column. Thanks, guys, for the brochure on the bike clubs. In fact, I used it to make the foreign contacts. With all the guys I saw in the picture, I have an idea the 1982 Sabbath may not have been as business-like as it appeared. There were a few numbers there that I wouldn't have minded having a deep conversation with. Thanks again.

Look, guys, I don't want to hear about your tea parties for the old folk's home and whether you served tea, beer or whatever (although, I must admit the *whatever* might pique my interest). I want to hear about your big events and any other scam you might want to pass on to me. Be sure that the runs and events schedules reach me from 45-90 days before they come off. I'll accept any hot and horny pix for consideration for publication, provided the dude(s) give permission to print them. If you guys have any suggestions, make them known because it's your column. Address letters and material to me: Frank Hatfield, DRUMMER.

'Til next time. □



Late Notice: MSC London is having their big Summer Camp '82 from August 27-30. This is England's biggest event for bikers, don't miss it! Cost: 30/40 pounds for food, drink, etc. For info contact: MSC London, BM Box 8370, London WC1V 6XX

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and while it may—WILL—be hot and heavy, these guiding principles are always present. Attendance is by invitation only. For info write: CHC, P.O. Box 5426, Chicago, IL 60680. See you there!

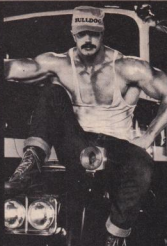
Second, later in September, what promises to be one of the big bike runs of the year will be happening — the fantastic RENDEZVOUS '82. Three clubs are organizing this gigantic run, UFO, Tulsa, OK, BATTALION M.C., Dallas and TSARUS of Memphis. The meet begins in Dallas on 9/25 with the Battalion M.C., then on to the UFO in Tulsa on 9/26 and they finally join up with TSARUS in Memphis on 9/27. On 9/28 they arrive in Knoxville and set up camp and go to the World's Fair on 29-30. Clubs interested in making the run at any



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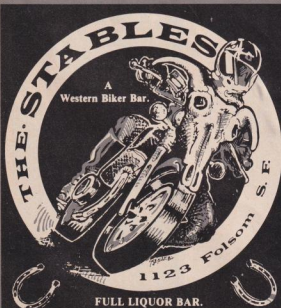
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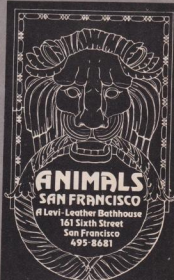
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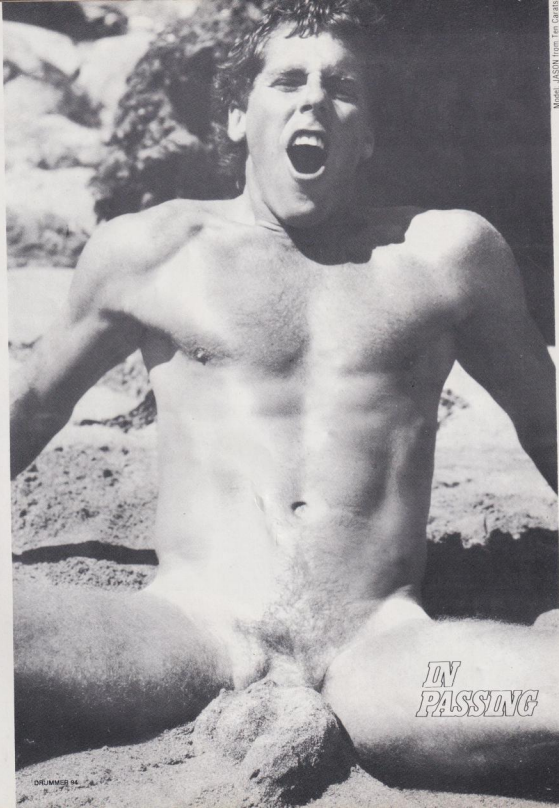
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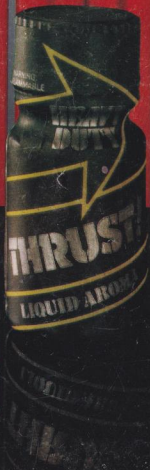
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